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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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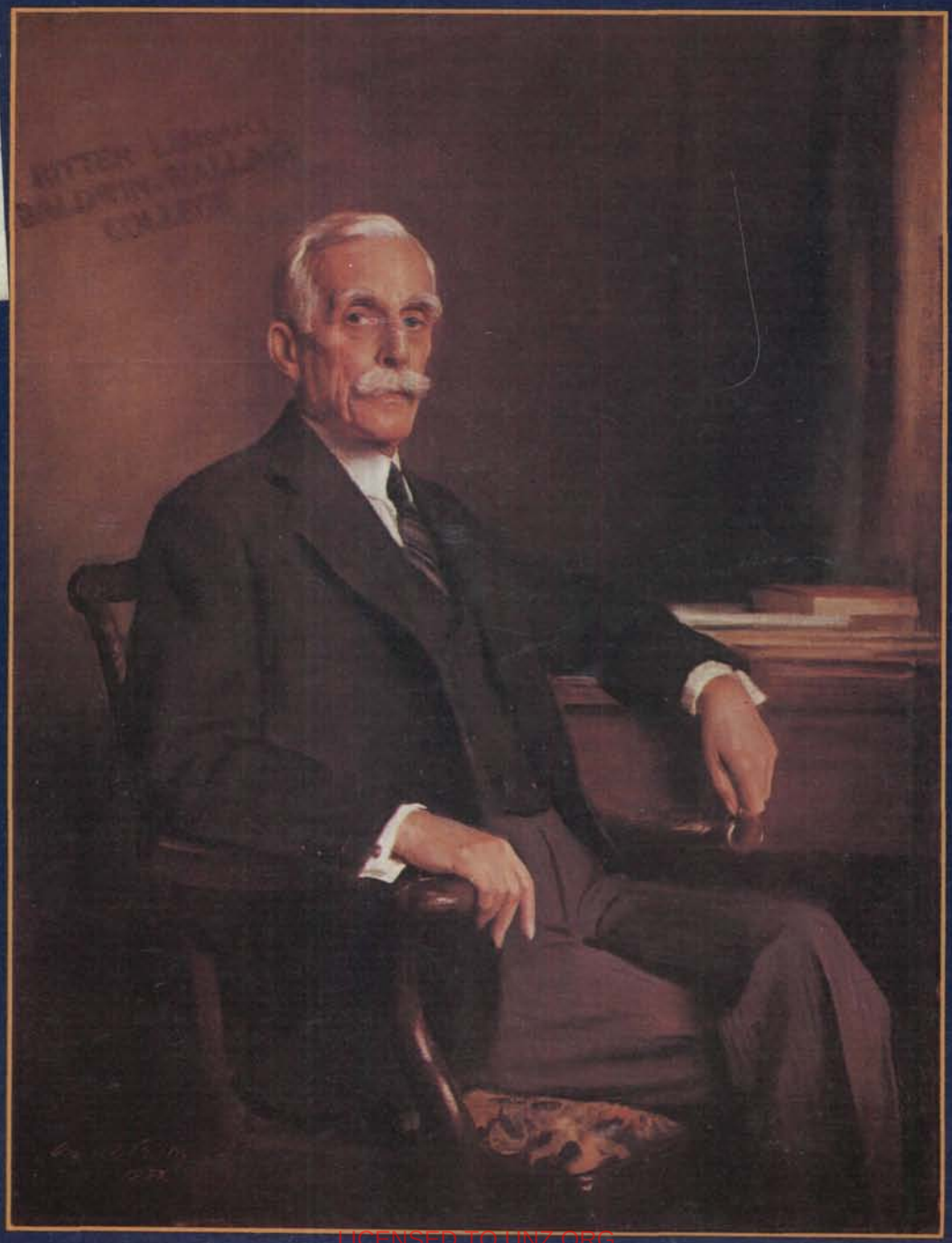

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The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker. The grocer, the dairy, the canner, et al. What if they all delivered their wares to a central warehouse which in turn parcelled them out to neighborhood stores?

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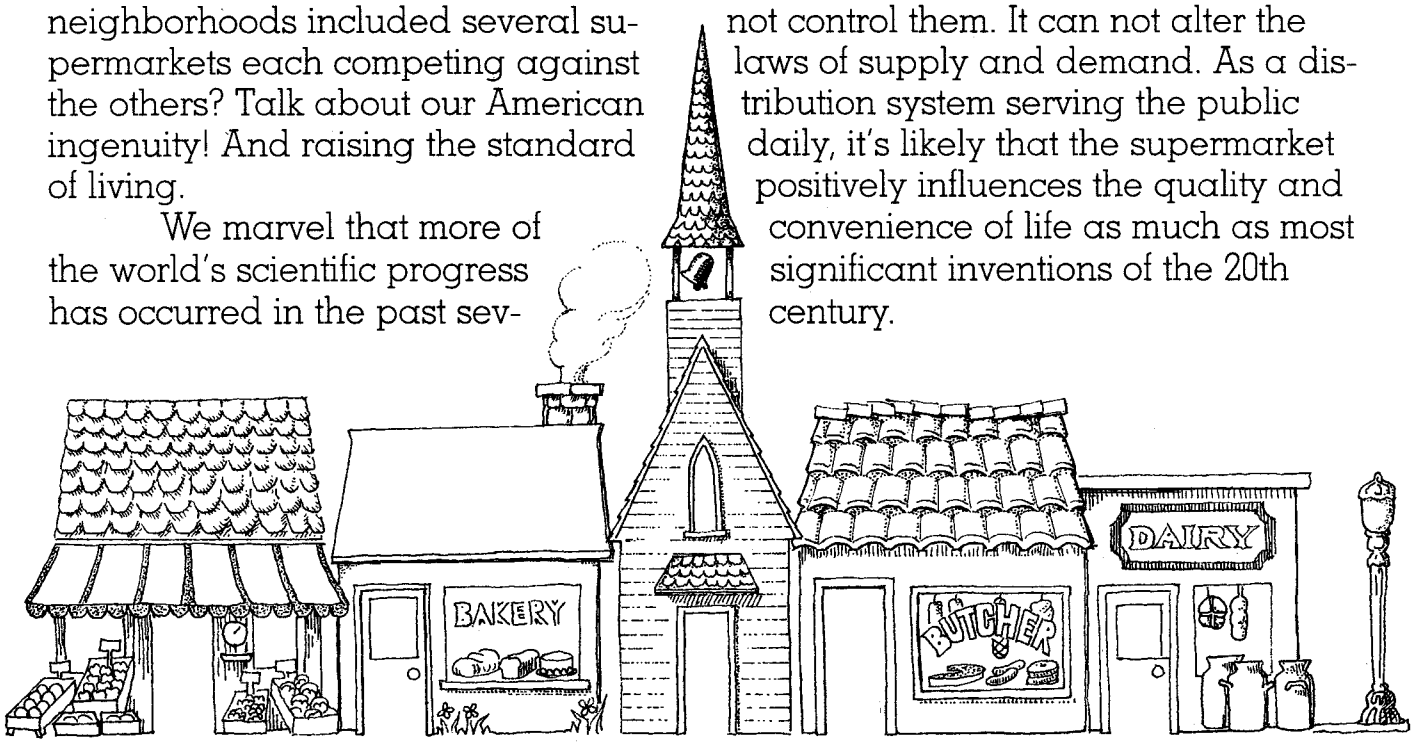
The supermarket is pure and simple a remarkable distribution system. It can influence prices but it cannot control them. It can not alter the laws of supply and demand. As a distribution system serving the public daily, it's likely that the supermarket positively influences the quality and convenience of life as much as most significant inventions of the 20th century.



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INTRODUCING FOOD MARKETING INSTITUTE.

One reason the supermarket is misunderstood is that growth has been so dynamic and the industry so busy buying, warehousing and distributing food and groceries that it has not taken enough time to communicate its functions and objectives to the public.

However, the industry recognizes that with growth comes added responsibility, in service and information. This is why Food Marketing Institute was formed. This new organization will place special emphasis on research, education and public affairs. It will make available to all of you in the news media the information you need to serve your readers, listeners and viewers.

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Competition in the Supermarket Industry. An original research study of the realities of competition in major metropolitan areas. Measures supermarkets against eight established criteria of competitiveness.

How It Works. An explanation of the difference between the wholesale cost of food and prices supermarket charge. Includes an analysis of how supermarkets determine final shelf prices and of the services supermarkets provide the public.

Food Economics, 1976: A Look at Distribution, Prices & Profits. An examination of the cost components of retail prices, including a detailed explanation of the difference between what the feeder receives for his livestock and what the consumer pays for meat in the supermarket.

To secure these briefings and any other information call or write:

Victor R. Hirsh, Director of Public Information, Food Marketing Institute, 1750 K Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006, 202/452-8444, or contact: Katherine M. Boyle, Manager Press Services

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TRB

from Washington ®
May 21, 1977

A New Formula

The battle over how to finance social security comes down to this. Shall the old 50-50 formula be continued: shall employers and employees each pay half? In effect, President Carter says, No. He wants employers to pay a bigger share. He doesn't say so in just those words but the figures are there, however artfully decorated. And the incalculable Mr. Carter is suddenly again praised by organized labor, and attacked by big business.

He would sweeten the formula for business a bit by letting the government (that's the taxpayers, you and me) pay part. And he would up the workers' contribution a little under certain conditions. But the proposal marks the end of a 40-year chapter. It finally acknowledges that the huge system, from which 30 million older Americans now get monthly checks (let alone 23 million getting health and other benefits) isn't self-financing, that it isn't a simple insurance system, and that it has more and more elements of what is called in sociological lingo an "income transfer plan." That means, like the graduated income tax, that it should take more from upper incomes than from lower incomes.

Franklin Roosevelt started it all in 1935. America lagged behind Europe in social maintenance then as it has since Bismarck and Disraeli. "As I see it," said Secretary Fannie Perkins, "we shall have to establish substantially all of the social-insurance measures which western European countries have set up in the last generation." FDR wanted it cradle-to-grave. This was too radical for most and he settled on payroll contributions. It sounded businesslike but meant, in effect, that younger wage earners were assuming the burden of providing for aging workers.

Abraham Epstein, a bigshot sociologist of the time, declared, "Our programs actually relieve the wealthy from their traditional obligation under the ancient poor laws." It was more serious than that; "50-50" meant in effect that management charged the costs off in higher prices, but workers had to pay a regressive tax, presently the most regressive tax in the country. The average US family today pays more money in social security payroll taxes than in federal income taxes.

Conservatives attacked the FDR program savagely. Organized business groups lashed out (as they probably will against Carter's plan now—a radical departure whatever the President may say to the contrary). The National Industrial Conference Board in 1935 said it would facilitate "ultimate socialistic control." It meant "inevitable abandonment of private capitalism," said Charles Denby, Jr., of the American Bar Association. The Ohio Chamber of Commerce noted that the "downfall of Rome started with corn laws." There's a wistful touch to these attacks—they were against the program whose continuation now the same groups passionately demand—on a 50-50 formula.

On a crucial test in the House every Republican but one voted to recommit (kill) the FDR measure.

Yet it must be said, in fairness, that they were right. They knew where it would lead. Start social security and over a period of time the formula will change, particularly when you have deep income disparity. A recent study by the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development figures that the poorest one-tenth of American households now get only 1.7 percent of the national income—the upper tenth, 26.1 percent. (The Dutch gap is smaller—3.2 percent and 21.8 percent.) "There is an ugly smell rising from the basement of the stately American mansion," says Gunnar Myrdal, rather crudely.

The theme song of modern sociologists is that distribution of income and wealth is the big issue for the final quarter of the century, here and abroad. "I think what's called the politics of income distribution is going to be the central concern for the future," says Robert L. Heilbroner. He adds, "You can't look at the income distribution figures for this country without concluding there's too much inequality."

The arithmetic is simple. Recession has slashed contributions to the US Social Security fund, and inflation has boosted health and other payouts. The nation's percentage of poor, according to the US Census, has jumped as un-

(continued on page 63)

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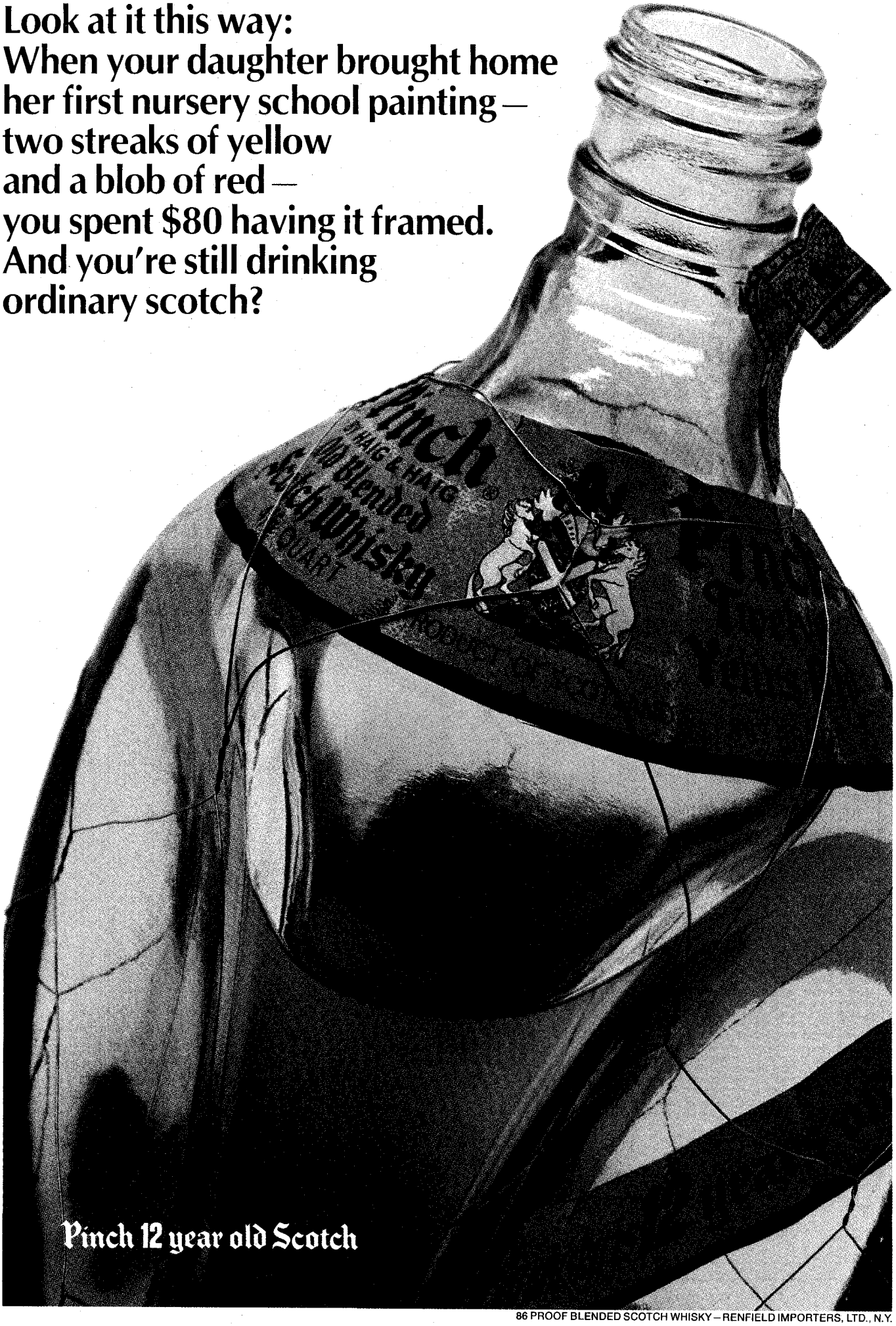
When your daughter brought home her first nursery school painting — two streaks of yellow and a blob of red — you spent $80 having it framed. And you're still drinking ordinary scotch?



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THE NEW REPUBLIC

May 21, 1977

Prometheus Rebound

Everyone is afraid that our President's declaration of moral war on energy will bring about a contraction in the American standard of living. Is that magnificent engine, the American economic system, going to have to run slower or run dry? The President himself, as in most things, is of two minds: sometimes he says it will and sometimes he says it won't. To us, whatever contraction of affluence this country may suffer over the next few years appears no more than a byproduct of the contraction of spirit we already are suffering. The energy crisis appears as a pale metaphor for the general crisis of will. The fuel that has propelled our country, much to the benefit of others besides its own citizens, suddenly appears to be a non-renewable resource. That fuel is not oil.

But oil is a useful metaphor, and the Carter administration's energy policy is a good example. On February 18, we've been told, energy chief James Schlesinger asked a few administration energy planners to meet with some eminent economists who were there to argue a particular proposition. Their argument was not new, and it was also not fashionable. In fact, it was so unfashionable by then that Schlesinger—shrewd, scholarly, thorough—sheepishly conceded he never had even heard of it.

The assembled specialists in petroleum economics had come to tell him that a successful energy program depends on breaking OPEC's stranglehold by price and caprice on the economics of the consumer nations, poor as well as rich. With Schlesinger's interest visibly aroused, his guests explained a proposal first made by MIT professor M. A. Adelman. (See Adelman's testimony before the Joint Economic Committee, January 12.) The plan is bold and simple: anyone wishing to import oil into the United States would have to purchase the right to do so from the federal government; the government would sell enough of these "rights" to meet our needs at a closed-bid auction. The proponents explained that, given the inherent instability of any cartel, this plan would encourage competition among oil producers and, in effect, "tax away" their monopoly profits. Schlesinger listened carefully and averred that the plan sounded like it would work. But then, he added, "Do we dare to let it work?"

Of course we do not dare to let it work. We would not even try. This is only one instance of the failure of nerve and imagination gripping American society. Part of this current paralysis of will—a reluctance to embark on foreign military adventure—is on balance a very happy reluctance. But the lack of confidence that keeps us from asserting ourselves politically and economically against suppliers who need us as much as we need them is frightening for more reasons than the possibly ephemeral problem of access to Arab oil.

One especially frightening aspect of our newfound diffidence takes the form of mock humility: a modest refusal to believe we have any help or leadership to

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offer the rest of the world. Once again, oil provides an example. Our failure to face up to OPEC is costly to us in real terms, as well as to our self-respect, but it is disastrous to poor countries lacking both oil and industry who truly *are* helpless in the face of the oil cartel. Across Asia and Africa, economic growth has stopped or even gone into reverse; social welfare and development programs have had to be abandoned. It is a sentence of despair for yet another generation, helpless and hopeless in ways that are relievable only by momentary outbreaks of pointless violence.

Is it arrogant to suppose that the United States can do something about this? Has the torch passed to a new generation of countries? If so, they have dropped it. The parsimony of the blood and luck plutocracies in Saudi Arabia and the Emirates toward their third world brothers and allies has been amply documented. The oil rich have already begun to renege on the quite chintzy aid promises they made at the Cairo Conference in March. Excluding Egypt, which was to receive two billion dollars largely to cover the social costs of its war machine, the Afro-Arab poor were to get $1.25 billion. This hardly covers the oil surcharge OPEC imposed in December. Because of this callousness, the exacerbated grievances of the oil poor inevitably will land on the doorsteps of the industrialized West, already loaded with prior demands from these same quarters—to say nothing of the restiveness of its own people, overcharged, overtaxed and underemployed. The energy dilemma, then, is not a technical problem, as President Carter seems to think just about everything is. It is a psychological problem, one of a dynamic society whose traditionally expansive frame of mind is becoming a contractive one.

We still are formally pledged to help build a new world economic order intended, however modestly, to bridge the gulf between the "rich" northern and the "poor" southern hemispheres. These are not exactly precise jurisdictions or accurate definitions. Italy, for example, is in no position to help anyone (though because of Signor Agnelli's avarice it is one of Russia's big creditors). England is not in a strong position—nor, for that matter, is France. Japan never has been at the frontiers of largesse. West Germany has not dwelt there long. America and its banks still routinely do their minimal international civic duties as lenders, in a fit of absent-mindedness which, no doubt, will abruptly be terminated one day soon. A contracting society is neither generous nor eager to take risks. And a contracting society is exactly what we are in the process of becoming.

The evidence is all around us. Their superficial glitter notwithstanding, our sprawling urban areas are becoming piles of material refuse and human decay, Atlanta simply less dramatically than New York. Millions of young people who want to work, to study, maybe even invent, are cut off—sometimes in school, most often before or after—from meaningful ways to satisfy their ambitions. It is harder to find work today than at any time since the Depression. And not only the young are denied. The mature and the old live longer and healthier but retire earlier, coaxed out of work by Social Security rules that punish those who want to keep working (but allow the passive wealthy to collect Social Security checks along with their dividends). Men and women above 60 are pronounced obsolete, quite often with their talents and know-how still intact. How far are we from considering large proportions of our population sheer human glut? When will it again become the goal of an American government that we fill our fields to capacity, grow as much food as we can, make hunger a memory like smallpox—and adjust the farm economy to meet the goal? Are there no dreams to dream of in America? No schools to be built? No cities to be revived? No industrial plants or transit systems to be modernized? Who among our politicians will boldly speak for our financially beleagured colleges and universities? And who for basic research itself?

The contractive spirit was reflected in what is included in President Carter's energy program, as well as what is not included. There are many features of that program that are right. We said so in an editorial, perhaps too optimistically, entitled "Strong Medicine" (*TNR*, Apr. 23, 1977). But much is wanting, and much is based simply on fond and futile hopes. The conservation provisions are timid. They depend on a voluntary and uniformly rational response of the whole citizenry to tax hikes on gas and big cars and tax incentives or rebates on insulation and small automobiles. Our President thinks we can't take it. Is he right? The policy fails to set really tough standards for energy efficiency in new large commercial, industrial and residential buildings. Our President thinks we can't do it. In this he is not right. AT&T, Exxon and IBM, even the government itself, have shown how cost and fuel

In Memoriam

Anne Blaine (Nancy) Harrison, wife of Gilbert A. Harrison, former owner and editor of *The New Republic*, died on May 12 in Washington, DC after a long illness. Mrs. Harrison was active for many years in education in the District of Columbia and in the New World Foundation in New York. She was the granddaughter of James G. Blaine, Republican candidate for President in 1884 and later Secretary of State, and of Cyrus McCormick, inventor of the reaper.

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Correspondence

Final word on cabbages

To the editors:

You have a right to be miffed ("Washington Diarist," *TNR*, May 7). Our duck egg/cabbage story was a victim rather than the exposer of a hoax. As the ultimate editor of the piece, the fault is mine and I apologize.

As for why we did not underline that we had been taken, this was not duplicity on our part but rather a by-product of a technical problem. When we originally ran the UPI story, several of our staff who are more alert than I (or read their *New Republic* more carefully) brought the hoax to my attention immediately, in time for us to drop the item from our repeat broadcast. Thus the item only went to part of the network.

The Monday Osgood correction was good enough to warrant broadcast on the full network, however, and I considered that the full explanation of all this to cover audiences that either had or had not seen the earlier broadcast was too complicated and time-consuming.

Duck eggs or cabbages, I would like to think we have heard the end of the story.

Walter Cronkite
CBS News

ITT responds

To the editors:

It is a fact that hundreds of new food products are introduced in the United States every year. Very few of them survive.

ITT Continental Baking Company is proud to say that Fresh Horizons bread, ("ITT Branches Out," *TNR*, Apr. 2) introduced in July of last year, now ranks as one of the most successful new food products introduced in the last decade.

The ingredients for success included more than 10 years of painstaking research and development—supported by tests at some of the nation's foremost universities and medical clinics—that resulted in a product formulation so unique we were awarded a patent by the United States government. And unique consumer benefits that include 30 percent fewer calories than regular white bread and 400 percent more fiber than whole wheat.

Fresh Horizons offers *all* of the taste of regular bread, and—as the nutrition panel on each wrapper notes—*all* of the nutritional qualities as well. In fact, more of the gluten from wheat is used to make each loaf of Fresh Horizons than a loaf of 100 percent whole wheat bread. Only the carbohydrates and fats that we don't need more of have been reduced.

We feel the combination of fewer calories, high fiber, good taste and reasonable price is responsible for the startling fact that—according to our research—this new bread has brought thousands of adult consumers *back* to the bread section of their supermarkets for the first time in years. These are people who had eliminated bread from their diets because of the impression that it was high in calories (even regular bread has only 75 calories per slice) or who found that bread was a convenient, reasonably-priced way to increase their consumption of fiber. (Just two slices contain as much fiber as a bowlful of 100 percent bran cereal.)

Fiber was chosen as the unique component of Fresh Horizons bread because it tends to reduce the caloric density of food. Its use in food products has long been recognized and accepted by the US Food and Drug Administration. Indeed, the designation "special formula bread" and the reduced calorie/high fiber statements on the wrapper are in accordance with all FDA regulations.

The source of the plant fiber in Fresh Horizons is a finely powdered food grade cellulose refined from a naturally abundant source—trees. It is purchased from several sources outside the ITT family of companies. Costing six times as much as wheat flour, this powdered cellulose is similar to that found in tree-grown fruit like apples or figs, in nuts, berries, asparagus, or any other vegetable.

Earlier testing—designed primarily to establish product safety—suggested that further research might support weight-reduction claims. Continental

(continued on page 62)

THE ALARMING CALCULATOR

We felt that a wonderful combination would be an alarm clock and a calculator, particularly for business trips. So we asked Casio to work on the problem.

They've solved it brilliantly, and with so many other features that it's no longer just the answer to a businessman's prayer.

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IBM Reports

Information: there's growing agreement

Human history has long been described in terms of Ages whose names reflect the stages of development through which mankind has passed: the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, the Iron Age and so on—down to the Industrial Age, which established the foundations of our modern society.

Today, there is growing agreement that we have entered a new era, a post-industrial stage of development in which the ability to put information to use has become critical, not only to the essential production of goods, but to efforts to provide a better life for the individual, as well.

This new era is being referred to with increasing frequency as the Information Age.

Information in the Information Age

Changes in our perception of information itself—its nature as well as its scope—have accompanied this profound shift of emphasis in our society.

Much has been written about the so-called "information explosion." It has been pointed out, for example, that the number of technical journals published throughout the world today exceeds 100,000, and that the total body of technical information is now doubling every ten years.

At the same time as the volume of information has been increasing dramatically, our understanding of the meaning of the term information itself has also broadened—to encompass a wide variety of timely data relating to "how things really are" across the whole spectrum of human activity.

A heartbeat, for example, can be extremely meaningful information when recorded and analyzed on sophisticated electrocardiogram equipment. So can electrical impulses reflecting the load level in a power network, or numeric digits representing the availability of a seat for you on an airplane—when processed by a modern computer.

These and a wide range of similar types of data are clearly recognized today as information, the kind of information on which we increasingly de-

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hat it's the name of the age we live in.

pend for the growth and health of our economy, the smooth functioning of our institutions—and, even more important, for the quality of our individual lives.

Information—an inexhaustible resource

Information is one of the few resources not in danger of exhaustion on this shrinking planet. It is unique because the supply is limitless, because it actually becomes more valuable with use and because—when properly managed and applied—it can greatly enhance our use of all our other resources, natural, human and economic.

One reason, of course, that information has proved to be such a dynamic resource is the fact that there exists today a remarkable technological capacity for dealing with it rapidly and effectively.

Through a vast array of electronic tools and techniques, mankind is able to accumulate, organize, store, interpret, retrieve and transmit information on a worldwide scale, in a volume, at a speed, and with an accuracy that would have been impossible barely two decades ago.

It is also a technology that continues to grow and that has proved to be amazingly efficient in economic terms. As advance has followed advance, the cost of processing information has steadily declined. Since the 1950's, the cost of performing 100,000 calculations on an IBM computer has fallen from $1.26 to less than one cent—and the downward trend continues.

Putting information to work for people

IBM makes many different products—from computers to copiers—but clearly, the essence of our business is information.

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efficient a construction program can be if efficiency is one of its goals.

The energy plan doesn't even suggest limits on energy extravagances such as that ultimate symbol of modern privilege, the private aircraft. Our President thinks we all agree with the stock-car driver who said on television a while back, "Energy waste is something you do that I don't." Is he right? The roads not taken were the most promising, relying mostly on employing technologies and promoting industrial growth along with greater employment opportunities. The road taken was imagined by a niggling spirit.

And the social contractions are not likely to be merely spiritual. Carter's prediction that future energy prices will have at worst a minimal depressing effect on the economy is based on benign assumptions about the oil producers' intentions. He does not think OPEC intends to raise its prices drastically in the future. But, as Theodore Mann points out in the Winter 1977 *Foreign Policy*, the ambitious development and military plans of Iran and Saudi Arabia simply are not consistent with stable oil prices. Prince Fahd told the *Wall Street Journal* last week to expect price increases.

However much one may discount the dire predictions of that recent CIA report on world oil reserves—compiled as it was from data supplied by the oil companies themselves—there's no getting around the fact that petroleum *is* a wasting resource. That's why the Carter program's emphasis on conservation on the one hand, and stimulating oil production on the other, is the clearest indication that this President does not feel the future in his bones. The timidity of Carter's energy plan symbolizes the paralysis of will among his fellow citizens not only in its reluctance to ask for real sacrifices in the name of conservation, and not only in its failure to harness *popular* energy to rapidly reform our energy-intensive way of life, but in its failure to call forth the creativity and intelligence of Americans to develop alternative energy sources.

Carter's caution is understandable in his interdict against the fast-breeder plutonium reactor. But his good intentions have been stymied by our own allies and by the Russians, who are without his qualms about this most dangerous form of nuclear energy. There are many outside our borders who think Carter's hostility to the fast-breeder is just another manifestation of American imperialism and its will to keep others down. Senator Frank Church may be right: we might exercise more restraint on the all but inevitable and vast enterprise in fission if we did not simply chastise others and avert our eyes. One thing is clear: Americans will not be much safer from the random hazards of cheap nuclear technologies if we refuse their rewards and others take them up with a vengeance.

And they seem to be doing just that, despite Carter's attempts to discourage them. We have had in modern times two industrial revolutions. The first, beginning early in the 19th Century, was associated with the use of coal and steam, and resulted in the growth of large urban industries and population centers. The second, at the turn of the century, arose from the discovery of huge petroleum deposits and the extension of the derivate power of electrification. The second revolution was more mobile than the first, spreading its bounties widely while raising the expectations of those who, for reasons of their own histories and underdevelopment, still are beyond its reach. But there is no containing their needs; and even if they could pay for it, there is not enough petroleum to fuel their futures. As long as the resource holds out, even at higher costs, the richer countries will get it—though not indefinitely. And the others won't. So we are either at the dawn of a third industrial revolution or we are at the beginning of the great decline, and years of wars of rage. But there are no industrial revolutions without revolutions in the production of energy.

It would be far better if nuclear fission were not the anointed technology, if we could offer other countries and ourselves an appealing alternative to the black arts of plutonium. But to create such an alternative, the US government must make a more serious commitment than it has to research and development in what are now financially marginal and what may be environmentally threatening methods of extracting petroleum from the deeper depths. Most important, we must act with zest and dedication to fund the scientific muse in its efforts to find a way out of the deepening crisis. It may even be that energy producers will require considerable price incentives—but not subsidies—to get them to experiment in what are not likely to be sure-profit enterprises. If so, so be it—just about anything is better than exporting our dollars to the primitive sheiks and crazy colonels of the Middle East. But government can do much of the work itself or along with universities and independent research institutions. The significant objective is that the work be done.

It should be done, however, not only as a response to the immediate crisis but as an evocation of a vision. That vision must be grand and galvanizing. For if we are content merely to stabilize our society on a plateau we will fast learn that stabilization is a poor disguise for disintegration. The Western experience rests on the marriage of science and technology; its ethos is not contemplative, but expansive. Our future must even allow for extravagance and waste as the Italian renaissance did, and the English 19th Century. If we are without aims beyond possibility we are bereft of aims that inspire. Right now, it seems, bureaucrats and technocrats are busy rebinding Prometheus to his fetters and taking his fire away besides. It could not be otherwise. For civilization is the imagination externalized, and the contemporary imagination, more than ever shaped by public officials and their journalistic pulpits, is punitive and impoverished.

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Musings of an oil person...

Pretty exciting two weeks. People actually asking for our opinion. Lots of them. And after all those years of trying to get them to listen! Everywhere we go -- parties, the supermarket, on the train -- people want to know what we think about the President's energy program. Usually tell them, right or wrong, it's nice to finally have a proposed energy policy. Something we've been urging a long time. Only wish we knew more details. Like the program's heavy reliance on converting utilities and industrial energy users to coal. How much will it cost? Can industry afford it? Heavy tax for those who don't convert, starting in 1979 for industry and 1983 for utilities. Is that enough time for them to convert? And what kind of coal will they be allowed to burn? Can environmental compromises needed for such a program be reached? And, if not, can the necessary new equipment be installed in time, and will it work? So far, no word on this. No word, either, on where the coal will come from. Underground-mined eastern coal or surface-mined western? Eastern means deeper, lower-volume mines -- will there be enough miners? If it's western coal, can environmental procedures be completed in time?... I know we burn a lot of gasoline in this country. But is an escalating tax on gasoline the best way to cut fuel consumption? Maybe we should be relying on natural market forces, for a change. Will tax be fair to people who have to drive a great deal in order to make a living? How will the penalty tax on big cars affect the fellow with limited dollars and a big family to tote around?... Lots of other new taxes included in the program. Not only on gasoline and automobiles, but also on oil and natural gas for industrial and utility use, on domestic crude oil, and so on. Taxes mean higher prices. Will we be blamed again even though we don't get the money? After all, people worry about higher prices for things like gasoline and heating oil. The President talked about returning proceeds from the new taxes to the people. Am I a cynic? Does it just seem that when a tax is imposed, less money comes out to "the people" than went in to the government?... Listened carefully, but didn't hear the President mention any plans for developing offshore oil and gas reserves in promising new areas. Would have liked to see solid recognition that conservation alone isn't going to solve our energy problems. Seems as though a provision for the rapid development of our domestic oil and gas ought to be part of a national energy policy, particularly if there are problems getting coal out on time.... Did hear him loud and clear, though, when he said the 1979 decontrol of domestic crude oil prices -- called for under existing law -- wouldn't happen. Wonder whether the natural gas price deregulation he promised during the election campaign will ever occur? Where does that leave us? He said companies should be able to plan in a climate of certainty. Well, we're spending a lot of money in the search for oil and gas, and now it seems the rules are being changed in the middle of the game again.... We're probably paranoid after all these years, but the comment about not enough competition in the oil industry seemed uncalled for. So did proposal for new reporting procedures. Is the government going to impose the same accounting requirements on other vertically integrated industries? Or did the President really tell us to be good, and maybe we wouldn't be divested?... Really did like, though, the President's call for "the moral equivalent of war" to resolve America's energy problems. That's our kind of talk! Can remember how everybody pulled together during World War II. There was nothing this country couldn't do back then. Build a ship a week. Turn out more of everything we needed to win than anybody thought was possible. Sure it meant sacrifices. But we shared them equally. And we got the job done. Only hope the sacrifices we need to cope with our energy problems will be shared just as fairly.

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McGovern unchained.

Feeling Left Out

If anyone speaks for orthodox liberalism in the US, it is the Americans for Democratic Action. The ADA held its 30th annual convention last week in Washington, DC, at which its president, George McGovern, spoke about the unkept promises of Jimmy Carter's campaign and the importance of holding him accountable for them. It's ironic that Senator McGovern was chosen (or chose himself) for this assignment; only a year ago he fired two of his staff aides for making more or less the same point he is making now. Carter was still in the primaries then. The anti-Carter criticism at that time was "divisive," while the criticism today is "constructive."

Alan Baron, one of the two men who lost his job in that scuffle, now publishes a weekly newsletter in which he analyzes political events. Asked about the McGovern speech, Baron explained in cynical fashion that his former boss is "trying to find a role, and if you look around for a natural role, there's only one role available." Because the administration has no use for him, McGovern has moved over to the loyal opposition and gone to work for it. That's how Baron explained the situation, adding that Carter's policies should have surprised no one: "Anybody who was fooled deserved to be fooled."

What McGovern said at the convention was essentially what liberals have been saying about Carter since last spring: he is fuzzy, flashy, full of promises and noble sentiments, but miserably cautious and stingy As the White House press secretary said recently of the president, baffling the European reporters, "He is as tight as a tick."

The significance of McGovern's remarks is that they are now informed by experience, not just by expectation. The ADA has seen Carter in office and is not pleased. The conflicting promises made during the campaign are being sorted out, and what was feared is happening: the first items on Carter's domestic agenda are not dramatically different from those on President Ford's. McGovern praised Carter for expanding the amnesty program, improving relations with Cuba and Vietnam and proposing a youth employment plan. But most of the speech was devoted to Carter's economic strategy, or lack thereof. McGovern said, "The corporations have cried the wolf of 'business confidence,' and the administration has run scared. . . . We are told that it is better that millions should be kept idle for the sake of price stability. It is a curious double standard which tells only the worst off among us to ask what they can do for the economy. Thus a tax cut for individuals was withdrawn as inflationary while a tax credit for industry was defended as expansionary . . . a Democratic administration resorts to the Republican economics of tolerating unemployment to temper inflation." McGovern had other complaints—Carter's fudging the defense budget cutback, the postponement of welfare reform and national health insurance, the creation of an energy plan that will inflate natural gas prices enormously and the new fuzziness on tax reform. But Carter's fiscal tightness disturbed McGovern and the ADA more than anything else.

ADA's national director, Leon Shull, said Carter must be held to his goal of lowering unemployment to three percent, a promise made in the Democratic party platform. To let it slide would be to encourage the kind of alienation and cynicism about politics that Jimmy Carter accused other candidates of fostering. Shull argued, correctly, that economic stagnation cannot be ended by adopting half-measures. "The burden of our complaint," Shull explained, "is that Carter's trying to do it the wrong way. If you want to balance the budget, first you must bring about a full employment economy, and then the budget will automatically balance itself. But to do it this way [balancing the budget first] is to prolong the recession and to prolong the absolutely unacceptable level of unemployment."

Shull said that everyone is in favor of efficiency in government, but he distrusts Carter's emphasis on management devices. They will never unsnarl the deeper problems, which are to be found in the private sector. "I'm in favor of an efficient General Motors, because when you have a corporation that large, it also affects the country. I think maybe we ought to have a congressional investigation of the inefficiency of these huge conglomerates . . . . I'm paying more for a car because these damn companies have no competition among themselves. They're inefficient." Shull would not have Carter's staff ignore businessmen, "but the administration might remember who elected them."

The ADA seems to be expressing the shock that comes with the recognition that someone whom you had supposed to be of a familiar and friendly species is altogether different. Carter will not run the economy as the ADA would. This is not so remarkable a discovery; business is learning at the same time that Carter will not run the economy exactly according to its rules, either. What *is* disturbing is the ADA's charge that Carter has failed to act decisively because he lacks the wit and the nerve to do so.

When a group of ADA leaders went to visit the White House with these complaints on May 7, they were ushered into the office of Vice President Walter Mondale, their old friend and ally. According to Shull,

COMING:

Morton Kondracke on

The Blue-Collar Caucus

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Mondale was "loyal" to the president, as they expected he would be, and he explained to them that they must give the administration more time to produce the domestic social programs that were promised. But if the ADA's analysis is correct, time will not remedy the problem. If Carter regards his task in domestic affairs as a limited one of making speeches and tinkering with government agencies to render them efficient, then he may never get around to making the large-scale economic changes that the ADA seeks. This will make the ADA's job under this administration more strenuous than it had expected.

A reluctant leader needs a lot of nudging and pushing from behind before he feels bold enough to step forward. Carter may be one of these. If so, we are fortunate to have the ADA around to give the kind of prodding that may be required. In doing this, the ADA will be teaming up with George Meany who was mustering opposition to Carter's timidity in economics when the "progressive" unions—and George McGovern—were handing him the presidential nomination.

Eliot Marshall

White House Watch

Innocent Abroad

London

A small compromise was necessary in order to get Jimmy Carter off on his first venture abroad as President of the United States. President Valéry Giscard D'Estaing of France, who initiated the first "economic summit" meeting at Rambouillet near Paris in 1975, insisted then and insisted again this year that the conference be confined in name and fact to strictly economic matters. With a characteristic unilateral impudence that equals Giscard's, President Carter committed himself to a much broader conference before the views of heads of state or government in Japan, Canada, Great Britain, West Germany, France and Italy were known. Carter wanted a conference that would accommodate anything, political or economic or social, that he cared to bring up. The preliminary arrangements were stalled when British officials—they like to say it was Prime Minister James Callaghan himself—suggested that the gathering be called "the Downing Street summit conference" in recognition of the neutral fact that it was to be held at the prime minister's office and residence at Number 10 Downing Street. This neither opened the agenda to non-economic subjects nor limited it to economic and it served the political interests of Callaghan, whose Labour party and government are in bad trouble.

So many big compromises marked the end of the Downing Street Summit that it could be judged to have been a flamboyant exercise in futility, beneficial only to the President in his emerging guise as a world leader at ease with and in command of lesser leaders. That would be a mistaken judgment. Three other meetings—on the problems and security of West Berlin, with the NATO ministerial council in London, and with President Assad of Syria in Geneva—plus individual sessions in London with 12 European heads of state and government, made it a busy and productive journey. "I will try to do a useful job for you and I think when I come back we will have had a successful trip," the President told government officials and employees on the White House lawn when he left for London. He did a good job and he had a successful trip.

An incidental benefit to others if not to him was some added insight into the ways and character of Jimmy Carter, who remains as dim a figure to the reporters who tag around with him as he was to American voters when they made him President. Carter ordered substantial cuts in the White House and departmental staffs accompanying him and two cabinet members, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Secretary of the Treasury Michael Blumenthal, to London. He also ordered the transfer of Vance, Blumenthal, their assistants and a few White House assistants from London's lush and expensive Claridge's Hotel to the somewhat less opulent and expensive Brittania Hotel. Tapley Bennett, the new US ambassador to NATO, had reported to his embassy in Brussels the previous Monday. He was required to go to London from Brussels, to help prepare for the NATO council meeting, with no staff assistance whatever. Reporters aboard the President's plane en route to London asked press secretary Jody Powell why Carter did it. "He is tight as a tick," Powell answered. "Always has been. Always will be." Powell was asked a little later what he meant by "Tight as a tick," a description that could be misinterpreted. "I mean," Powell said, "He's cheap." Powell assumes when he says this sort of thing about Carter that reporters will understand that it's said with respect and affection.

Carter said in his farewell speech at the White House: "This is an important trip. It is the only trip I have planned this entire year outside of our country." When he was asked during the flight to London whether he was "excited about the trip," he answered: "In a way, yes. I don't have any deep yearnings for overseas travel. It would suit me fine if I stayed at home." After he and the other summit conferees dined with Queen Elizabeth at Buckingham Palace, he was asked whether he had a good time and answered: "I really did. It's one of the most beautiful places I've ever seen. And I think

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the whole royal family was there. I had a good place to sit—I was between the Queen and Princess Margaret, and across the table was Prince Charles, and Prince Philip, and the Queen Mother was there too, so the whole family was very gracious to us tonight."

Reporters: "Those kings really know how to live."

Carter: "They really do. It was beautiful."

Before he returned to Washington his aversion to more foreign trips this year had vanished. He was known to hope for another seven-nation summit next fall and President Giscard said after a friendly meeting between the two that he expected Carter to be in Paris around that time.

Carter's expansive statement of his hopes and aims when he left Washington—"We will be dealing with problems that concern NATO, the defense of Europe, the relations between the East and West . . . Nuclear disarmament . . . the spread of nuclear explosives . . . the proper uses of energy . . . the sharing of world trade"—startled reporters who had been cautioned again and again in Washington by American officials and at foreign embassies, not to expect much in the way of innovation and decision at the London meetings. This was said especially of the most important of the meetings, the seven-nation summit. The same cautionary note was sounded before Rambouillet in 1975 and the second summit in Puerto Rico in 1976. Both times the *motif* was the same and it remained the same this year; the primary purpose of these meetings is not to do anything or even decide what to do. The primary purposes are to renew old acquaintances and establish new ones, to let each head of state or government get a feel for the others' problems and objectives as they see them and give them a feel for his as he sees them.

Above all else the purpose is to renew or establish (as the case may be) confidence in their capacity as individuals and as a group to deal with and master their countries' and the world's immense difficulties.

This kind of thing, heard before and during each of these meetings, induces cynicism among journalists and to some extent among the officials who utter the cautions. It sounds like and sometimes is an alibi for inaction, a cover for disagreement where agreement is pretended. But it's fundamentally true, relevant and justified. Only six governments were represented at the Rambouillet summit—Giscard refused to invite Canada, considering it to be an industrial and political pygmy with no right to be at the table with giants—and consented to its later presence only at the grim insistence of the United States. The seven really are in no position to "decide" anything of importance because too many others would be affected.

Most members of the European Economic Community were not represented at the London summit and Roy Jenkins, the British president of the community's European Commission, was admitted to the sessions only on a restricted and grudging basis. Carter aroused snickers among British reporters and veiled ridicule in British newspapers when, in one of his many efforts to improve Callaghan's standing with disenchanted British voters, he referred to the European community and told Callaghan, "You are now the leader of that community." Callaghan is its nominal president on six-month rotation, but hardly its leader.

The British hosts were as interested as American officials were in presenting the Summit and Carter's performance in a favorable light. It was nonetheless interesting that a British participant who was present at all of the meetings appraised the conference and Carter's performance very much as American staff assistants and the chief American briefer for the press, Treasury Secretary Blumenthal, did. According to the official though private accounts reflected here:

Compared with the London Summit, the previous conferences at Rambouillet and Puerto Rico were wastes of time. The only specific accomplishment at Rambouillet was an agreement on a controlled "float" of currencies which actually had been agreed before the first Summit convened. The Puerto Rico conference was an item in Gerald Ford's election campaign, nothing more. At the London conference, the leaders really did listen to each other. They really did change their views on important issues during the discussions, at least in minor degrees. Carter, for an outstanding example, emphatically and effectively pressed upon the others his insistence that the third round of multilateral trade negotiations, which has been dragging along at Geneva for three years, get the immediate backing of government leaders and be directed toward agreement on lowered tariff and other trade barriers by the end of 1977. It was evident to other conferees that in the plenary summit discussions and in separate, individual meetings, recent tensions between Carter and two European leaders, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt of West Germany and President Giscard, were materially lessened if not entirely dissipated.

Carter was said to have handled himself well. It was clear that he had been thoroughly briefed. A British official who had thought Carter "opaque" and had been repelled by that Carter smile on television during the election campaign changed his opinion after dealing in person with the President in London. This official found Carter to be well-informed, flexible on many issues, but firm on the ones that most mattered to him and able to say "no" in a quiet way. "I think," the official added, "that he will be a very impressive President."

A British official gave an interesting answer when he was asked whether he and his government colleagues felt that they were "preached at" by Carter. "Not by him," the official answered. He fell into reminiscence about Americans he has known and dealt with. Harry Truman didn't preach to other government heads. Eisenhower didn't. Eisenhower's Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, did in a most annoying way. John

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Kennedy did, too, not evangelically but by a manner implying that he always knew best. Lyndon Johnson certainly did, though he was more bully than preacher, a loathsome character on the whole. But Carter? Why no, the official and his colleagues didn't think Carter preached at them at the Summit or before then from Washington. Well then, an astounded reporter asked the official, what about Carter bringing up his human rights doctrine at this economic Summit and holding forth on it for 15 minutes?

In his capacity as chief American briefer to the press, Secretary Blumenthal had said that Carter raised the human rights issue on his own initiative and told the other leaders that it meant a great deal to him. The impression left by Blumenthal's account was that the others put up with a sermon they knew they'd have to endure. It wasn't quite that way, the official said. Callaghan and Carter agreed beforehand that human rights would be on the Summit agenda and Callaghan invited Carter to speak on the subject. It was true, as West German informants had reported, that Chancellor Schmidt said in response to Carter that he preferred a quiet approach to public preaching and that with private diplomacy the West German government had arranged for some 60,000 people to escape from East Germany and other Communist countries of Eastern Europe. There was no dispute, merely a polite assertion of difference, during the discussion period. The most interesting part of the discussion was Carter's justification of his emphasis upon human rights, a justification that has not received much attention at home. It was that the Vietnam experience, intelligence scandals, commercial bribery abroad and similar episodes had soured the American people on *all* foreign involvement. Carter said he needed a theme that would arouse public sympathy and support and thus enable him as President to fulfill the great-power role that he thinks the United States must sustain around the world.

An authoritative aftermath view of the Summit was somewhat less complimentary to Carter. The view was that the most important achievement at the conference, and the hardest to accomplish, was in getting around under the difficulty that Carter had made for the United States and for other governments with his early declarations of intent to halt the proliferation of nuclear materials that could be used in nuclear weapons. Well before he came to London, he acknowledged that the US alone could not stop the spread of nuclear technology and weaponry and that three countries in particular—Japan, West Germany and France—needed nuclear resources for industrial purposes that they would be denied if his original intent to halt or reduce American exports of nuclear material was fulfilled. The summit solution, if it can be called that, was that familiar governmental gimmick, a study of a problem that has already been studied and restudied. How to conduct the new study will be studied for two months, and the study itself may then take a year or more. In the meantime, the US will continue to export the enriched uranium needed in France, Germany and Japan, and the French and German exports of nuclear technology to Pakistan and Brazil that the Ford and Carter administrations had tried to prevent will proceed.

Carter disclosed the interim study during a casual encounter with reporters in London, before it had been formally agreed and announced and when his own spokesmen, Secretary Blumenthal included, were forbidden to reveal or discuss it. He said then that it was "a mutual suggestion," later that it was an American suggestion. "We don't know yet," he said during his premature disclosure, "whether the panel will be successful in solving the question or dealing with the differences among us. But the nations who produce large amounts of enriched fuel, like ourselves, have a great deal of influence on the others and of course we want to be fair to them because it's a very divisive political issue in some of the countries. They want to retain their legitimate independence and autonomy. They don't want nations like ourselves telling them how to act."

"I have a lot to learn," he said at least four times before and during the Downing Street Summit. "I learned a lot," he said afterward. If he really learned that other countries "don't want nations like ourselves telling them how to act," this trip was worthwhile.

John Osborne

The man who made the Model T.

Henry the First

Henry Ford was talking to me at the Wayside Inn, Sudbury, Massachussetts, February 11, 1924. He wore a polka dot tie and casual clothes; he was blue-eyed, lanky and affable. He had then made 9,400,000 of the 15,456,468 Model Ts that he would ultimately turn out. The assembly line halted June 15, 1927—half a century ago.

He talked quickly, somewhat jerkily, and left you to fill in the pauses when he promptly nodded assent. His Model T that transformed America began coming down the assembly line in 1908-9 with 10,660 manufactured, reaching a peak of 2,090,240 in 1923. At that time he was making as many cars as all the other companies together.

He was telling me about war and how to end it. "Take the profit out of war and war will cease," he said with

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simple certitude. "If I had my way the nation would clap a certain group of international bankers into jail immediately at the outbreak of hostilities. That would end war."

"Wouldn't that be unconstitutional?"

"Put them in jail," he repeated amiably, "and let the Constitution take care of itself."

Mr. Ford used "international bankers" and "international Jews" interchangeably in his interview and challenged me to write it that way in my piece, which I did.

"I realized that the international profiteer was at the root of the World War when I was half way across the Atlantic in my Peace Ship," he said. "It was then, of course, too late to halt the trip."

The international bankers who make war, he continued, are "actually interested in seeing the best part of the nation's manhood swept away." He added, energetically, that "the men who volunteer to fight in war are those who like war as a profession. They do not volunteer through patriotism so much as through a desire to make war a business."

I mildly observed that I had volunteered in the last war and that I did not do it for mercenary motives as it had yanked me out of college.

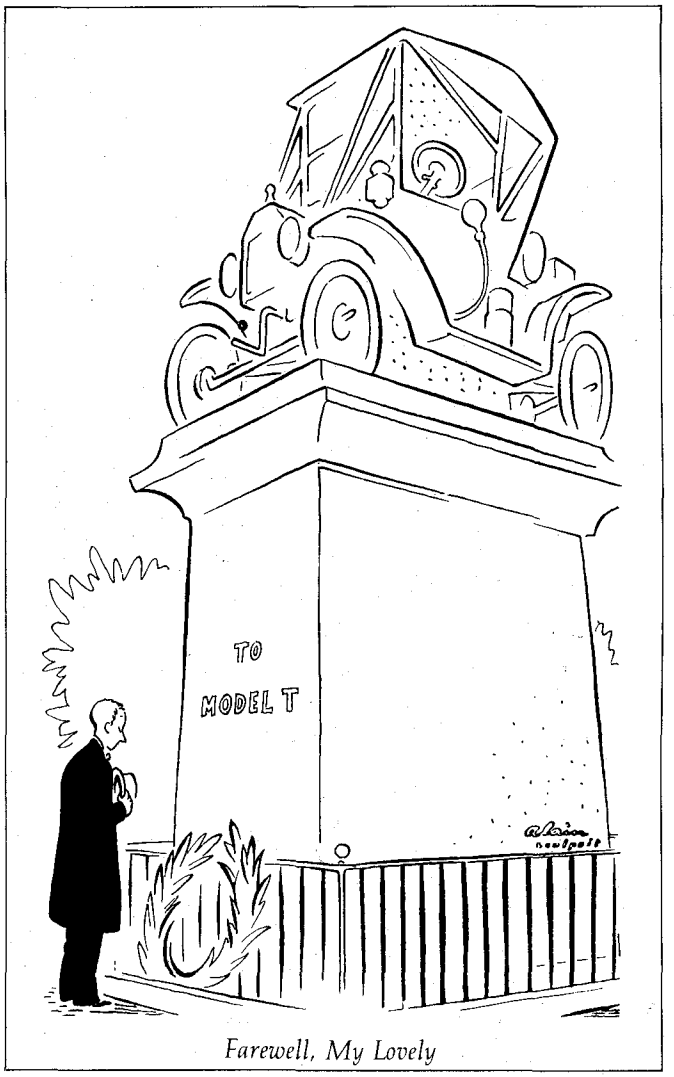
"You did not volunteer because you wanted to," Mr. Ford explained to me patiently, "it was only because you feared you would be conscripted."

Henry Ford was positive in all his judgments, and how could you argue with a man like that? It was all amiable. After all, he was the creator of my lovely Model T (we called it "Southard"). It was like arguing with a father-in-law. He would make 15-and-a-half million of these strange, awkward, nimble, seven-foot-high cars before he was through, with an amazing gross sales value of $7 billion. They transformed America.

He was as stubborn as a mule. Other cars were beginning to put on style, not Model T. In 1922 a national gathering of Ford salesmen at Detroit pleaded for changes and he listened in silence for two hours, yawning to express unconcern. Then, according to the Detroit *News*, he dismissed them saying that evidently the only trouble with the Ford cars was that "we can't make them fast enough."

He tried to buy Muscle Shoals; he was considered for President; he told a jury when sued for libel that "history is bunk." He told the prosecutor that Benedict Arnold was a "writer" (evidently confusing him with Arnold Bennett.)

Ford bought the Dearborn *Independent* and made it as paradoxical as himself, a dedicated hater of "Jewish Wall Street," and at the same time an advocate of a kind of agrarian, Jeffersonian radicalism that proposed government ownership of telephones, telegraph and railways and a permanent federal works program as "our highest socialist institution." (The thoughts were Ford's, but the language was that of William J. Cameron, a facile writer from the Detroit *News* who shifted to the *Independent*.) These Ford comments couldn't be dismissed as just meaningless vaporing. At a time when steel workers sweated a 10-hour day, seven-day week, with a 24-hour shift once a fortnight, and when factory pay was around $2.50 a day, Henry Ford, in January 1914, announced a five-dollar, eight-hour working day. It electrified the world.



Farewell, My Lovely

Drawing by Alain, from Farewell to Model T *by Lee Strout White (Richard L. Strout and E. B. White), copyright 1936 by G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

One of the strangest things in industrial history was the denunciation of Ford that followed the five-dollar day decision. It was an "economic crime," snorted the *Wall Street Journal*. Why? It would precipitate strikes for similar outrageous and impossible returns in factories all over the nation. The *New York Times* expressed the outraged sentiments of the conservative community at Ford's audacious proposal.

> *The theory of the management of the Ford company is distinctly Utopian and runs dead against all experience. . . . Serious disturbances in the automobile industry labor market will follow . . . . There will be unrest and dissatisfaction in the shops of other companies. Strikes are likely enough, and conditions of peace cannot be looked for until the equilibrium is, somehow, restored. . . . We think*

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the weight of opinion will decidely incline to the side of doubt, or to prophecies of certain failure for the experiment so manifestly based upon a vision of universal human uplift through a single venture in the field of beneficence.

Ford's sin evidently was that he proposed to pay $5 a day for labor when he could get it for $2.50 or less.

I interviewed Ford a couple of times and found him genial, likeable and pig-headed. My own Model T knew its way in the dark between Cambridge and Wellesley, with stopovers at the Wayside Inn. I told him I was taking good care of it and he was pleased. It was the car, really, that was the common bond. It was the bond between all the owners. It produced not merely a lifestyle but a literature: Ford jokes and Ford owner's manuals. Suppose you recently had bought a touring car ($355 in 1921). The manual was thumbed over lovingly. Here is mine: it is "Ford Manual, for Owners and operators of Ford Cars and Trucks," copyright 1919. It tells, in short, how to run a Model T, how to feed it, coddle it, grease its grease cups and how many twists to screw them down. Let me turn now for solace to the passage on Model T Engine Knocks, a passage that should be familiar to every student of American history.

"How may the different Knocks be distinguished?" it starts off like a catechism, and replies to itself in Answer No. 29. The carbon knock is a "clear hollow sound" like a sardonic laugh. You get it when you climb hills, particularly if the engine is hot, which it nearly always is.

Knock Number 2 is "too advanced spark" which, says the manual, "will be indicated by a dull knock in the motor."

Number 3 is the "Connecting rod knock" and the alert owner of a Model T, who has every sense on the *qui vive*, will recognize it as a sound "like a distant tapping of steel with a small hammer." The manual adds, "Upon speeding the car to twenty-five miles an hour, then suddenly closing the throttle, the tapping will be very distinct."

I like that touch about speeding to 25 mph.

Knock Number 4 is the "Crank shaft main bearing knock." You have to watch out for this one for the noise is "a dull thud" (like a falling body) and it comes when the car is ploughing uphill in low. (There is only a choice between low and high, of course. It is the only vehicle ever invented, I believe, that can go from high into reverse without mechanical disintegration, with the aid of a "planetary transmission" that nobody understands.)

Finally there is the "loose piston knock." This one, we are told, "is heard only upon suddenly opening the throttle, when the sound produced might be likened to a rattle." It is a brave company that can boldly use the word "rattle" for its vibrant product.

Henry Ford did everything with zest, in absolutes. He discovered square dancing after almost three score years of manufacturing, and threw himself into that, too. He brought Mellie Dunham, a 70-year-old champion backwoods fiddler, from Maine in a private railroad car to play for him in Dearborn. And there I'll leave him, a legendary figure, the Model T tethered outside, while he takes his place in the merry line of dancers, advancing and retreating to Old Zip Coon, Money Musk, and Arkansas Traveler.

Richard L. Strout

Richard L. Strout, Washington bureau chief of the *Christian Science Monitor*, has written this journal's TRB column since 1943.

Spare us the bureaucratic horror stories, please, and face up to the real dilemmas of job safety.

OSHA Under Fire

by Steven Kelman

If you've ever heard of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA), an agency in the Department of Labor created in 1970, you've probably come across the agency in some news report illustrating the arrogance, stupidity, or even buffoonery of federal bureaucrats. Last summer, for instance, there was quite a flap over a booklet OSHA had issued

Steven Kelman is writing a book comparing OSHA to its counterpart in Sweden.

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for farmworkers entitled "Safety With Beef Cattle." The booklet seemed paternalistic, patronizing and downright insulting: one passage warned farmworkers to be careful lest they slip on cowdung, another cautioned that "you can get sick from working with beef cattle," and went on to cite a list of infectious diseases. Last winter there was another small tempest over OSHA regulations on ladder safety. It was noted that employers were asked to comply with regulations on wood and metal portable ladders that took up eight dense pages in the *Federal Register*. Standards included obscure engineering formulas to determine how thick the rungs should be for a given thickness of the side rails. Critics asked plaintively how a small contractor with two employees was supposed to make such calculations in order to meet the demands of some guys sitting behind a desk in Washington.

These two stories are examples of a propaganda campaign against the government regulatory agency that *Business Week*, in a recent special issue on "government intervention," called "hardest to live with" of all government programs begun in the past decade. The Occupational Safety and Health Act authorizes the agency to set mandatory standards for workplace conditions—standards requiring that moving parts on machines be guarded, that forklift trucks have overhead protection against falling objects, that airborne concentrations of chemical dusts, gases or fumes be kept below certain levels. OSHA affects every business in the country. Other government regulatory programs, by contrast, do not. A manufacturer of wooden chairs or paper clips need not worry about the Environmental Protection Agency, nor the producer of machine tools or plastic boats about the Food and Drug Administration. Furthermore, most regulatory agencies with enforcement responsibilities do not fine violators the first time they discover a violation, but prefer initially to reach agreements in which firms consent to change their behavior. OSHA inspectors, however, fine the first time around. This is because the drafters of the legislation setting up OSHA were dissatisfied with earlier state-level safety and health programs based on consultation and "voluntary compliance."

OSHA is a program whose costs are concentrated on business and whose benefits are concentrated on labor. Thus it involves the two best organized interest groups in our society. And our system of administrative law—with its emphasis on publicity, dramatic adversary hearings and court challenges—encourages confrontation rather than agreement among the parties. Anyone who believes that all unions are concerned about is wages—always an erroneous view—ought to look at union involvement with OSHA. Unions have become increasingly interested in fighting for strong OSHA standards. At hearings on, say, occupational health standards, they sound no different from any Naderite or freak.

The facts of the beef cattle and ladder flaps reveal that the OSHAcrat (to use the term appearing in a John Birch Society jeremiad) is not some strange creature from another planet, with an insensitivity to the requirements of mortal men. The beef cattle booklet was written in simplified "Basic English" for farmworkers whose native language is not English and who come from countries where farmworkers receive no more than a primary school education. The booklet was not intended for general distribution to, say, Texas ranchers. Instead, the idea was the OSHA inspectors would use their discretion in distributing the brochure, as the need arose, as part of their inspection activities. The opportunity for the inspectors to display this discretion never arose, as the pamphlet was withdrawn after the outcry, before it ever got into distribution. As for the ladder regulations, those doing the mocking never pointed out that the small contractor—or the large one, for that matter—need not be concerned with engineering formulas or, really, with anything on the eight pages of dense governmentalese. He need only buy a ladder that is stamped "Meets OSHA Standards" and he'll be all right.

OSHA horror stories are legion, but it's a good rule of thumb that the more sensational they sound, the less likely they are to be true. In 1972, for instance, the Montana congressional delegation received nearly 500 letters complaining about heavy-handed, Gestapo-like OSHA inspections. ("A few years ago this type of harassment by the mobsters was considered illegal. Today the US government does it, and it is legal," reads an excerpt from one of the many letters from constituents entered into the record during House hearings in 1974.) The Montana AFL-CIO, however, reported that during the period in question, only 91 workplaces had been inspected in the entire state.

The appropriate extent of governmental intervention into safety and health conditions in workplaces is a serious issue. But the serious aspects get lost in a sea of propaganda and horror stories. At the time the Occupational Safety and Health Act was passed, about 14,000 people were dying every year in industrial accidents, and 100,000 were being permanently disabled. Members of the labor force had a chance of more than one in 40 of being temporarily or permanently disabled each year from an industrial accident. For industrial workers the risk was even higher. Serious injuries occur on the job because people get caught in machinery, because they fall from heights, because they get electrocuted, because of explosions, and for any number of other miscellaneous reasons. The problem of occupational disease is probably even more serious, because we know so little about it. Chronic exposures to chemicals or to noise produce few if any effects at the beginning. Exposed workers often learn about the problem only many years later, when it is frequently "too late" to reverse the

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onset of the condition. Cancer may appear, because of long latency periods, many years after exposure has ceased. Many chemicals currently used in industry have not been exhaustively tested toxicologically, and new chemicals are introduced into factories every year. A survey done for the National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health in 1975 suggested that 31 percent of the medical conditions found in a sample group of workers probably were caused by their jobs, and another 10 percent might have been. (It should be noted that medical "conditions" like anemia, chronic respiratory problems, or hearing loss were distinguished from acute illnesses, such as infectious disease or heart attack.) Nobody really knows how many deaths occur annually from occupational disease.

Even though the problem of on-the-job injury and disease is a real one, this does not mean that the question of how much government should require industry to do about it is not difficult. The difficulties have little to do with OSHA horror stories, and a lot to do with fundamental questions of how to place a dollar value on reductions in risks to life and limb, when society must forego other expenditures in order to "purchase" such reductions. The most recent big decision made by OSHA, setting a standard to protect coke oven workers against harmful emissions, illustrates the real questions quite dramatically.

Coke is a solid residue, mainly pure carbon, which is left after coal is heated to temperatures of about 2500 degrees farenheit for 16 to 20 hours, in an oven where not much air is present. When the coal is heated at these temperatures, various gases and particulates are given off, including assorted hydrocarbons, ammonia, and hydrogen sulfide. Almost all coke produced in the United States is used as a fuel in steelmaking blast furnaces, and almost all coke plants are actually part of steel mills.

Coke plants are enormous outdoor facilities, featuring a number of coke oven batteries, which in turn consist of as many as 100 individual "slot ovens" built to form a continuous, and imposing, great wall up to 50 feet high. The individual ovens are called slot ovens because, although they are each 50 feet tall, they are a mere 17 to 19 inches wide.

At a coke plant, one group of workers is stationed on the top side of the battery. A "larrycar" loaded with coal moves along a track on top of the battery, pausing at each oven to drop coal down opened lids. A larryman drives the car, and a lidman opens and closes the lids. Other workers in a coke plant are stationed on the two sides of the oven. After the coking process is completed, a worker drives a "pushing machine" alongside each oven, which opens a long door on the side of the oven and pushes the coke out the other side of the oven, through another opened door and into a "quench car."

Coke oven work is considered to be just about the hottest, dirtiest, and, in general, most unpleasant work in a steel mill. The volatile matter given off during coking contains byproducts which it is profitable for the company to recover. Therefore most of the billowing mess is drawn off from inside the oven and out through ducts to collecting stations. But the removal of the volatile matter is not 100 percent effective. Emissions occur while the topside men are changing the oven, through the open lids. Emissions also escape continually from cracks in the oven doors. Finally, if the coal is not completely "coked out" when it is pushed into the quench car, emissions will occur while the hot coke is in the car.

Everybody always knew that the smoke which coke ovens belched out was hot and foul-smelling and made your eyes water. Traditionally, blacks working in steel mills landed in disproportionate numbers in coke ovens. The job paid no better than other comparable mill jobs, but it paid no worse, and it certainly paid better than lots of other jobs open to blacks. Now, that type of discrimination seems to be a thing of the past. But coke plant jobs are still entry-level jobs for new hires in the mills—which means that there are now lots of young people (including many women "larry persons" and "lid persons") in the plants.

What people didn't always know was that people working around coke ovens were doomed to die of cancer in far greater numbers than their fellow workers. Epidemiological studies published in the early '70s showed that coke oven workers were two and a half times as likely to die of lung cancer as other steelworkers. Topside workers with more than five years experience were found to be 10 times as likely to die of lung cancer. These studies also found dramatically increased occurrence of kidney and bladder cancer. During the administrative hearings OSHA held prior to the issuance of the standard, the Steelworkers Union presented a panel of victims, including two workers with reconstructed larynxes after operations for throat cancer, and one worker with an advanced case of lung cancer. (In urging OSHA officials to read this section of the hearing transcript carefully, the union's post-hearing brief noted that "the transcript will . . . not reveal the sound of the artificially created voices of those individuals with throat difficulties," and also pointed out bitterly that "those company executives who regularly attended the hearings and who have input in industry policy-making were conspicuous by their absence" during the testimony of the stricken workers.)

Cleaning up coke oven emissions is very expensive. Some reductions in emissions—and thus reductions in risk—come easily. But to achieve the near-disappearance of emissions (and thus the near-disappearance of risk) that the union wanted would cost losts of money. It would require new and more time-consuming methods for putting the coal from the larrycar into the oven; retrofitted equipment on larrycars, pushing machines and quench cars; and

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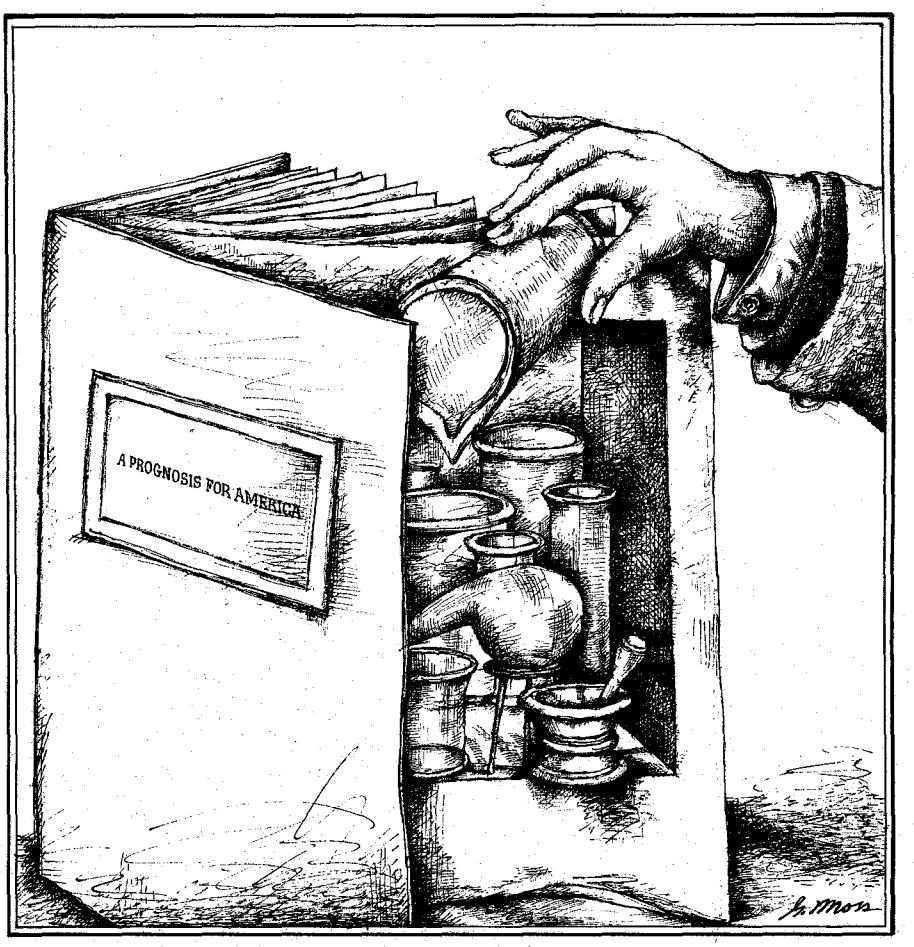

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additional personnel to clean pipes, check oven doors and so forth. An "Inflationary Impact Statement" prepared for OSHA estimated the costs of virtually eliminating coke oven emissions to be between $240 million and $1.5 billion *each year*. This is in order to protect a group of around 22,000 coke plant workers nationwide, and save perhaps as many as 100 lives a year.

What does this imply? It depends on how you look at it. Businessmen, and Ford administration spokesmen, liked to argue that OSHA regulations have an important "inflationary impact" (hence the inflationary impact statements a Ford executive order required OSHA and similar regulatory agencies to issue). An examination of the coke oven standard—one of the more expensive ones the agency has proposed—reveals that this is not true: this sum of money, large as it seems, gets lost in a $1.7 trillion economy. Assuming that the cost is completely passed through in the final price of steel, the impact of the proposal on the consumer price index was estimated at a minute 0.01 percent. By coincidence, just as the President's Council on Wage and Price Stability was appearing at special inflationary impact hearings, and railing against the coke oven proposal, which it estimated would add $2.50 a ton to the final price of steel, the steel industry (with little murmur from the Wage and Price Council) raised prices by an average of six dollars a ton.

But there is another way of looking at it. Using the final OSHA estimates of costs and of the number of lives saved, we come up with the figure that the proposed OSHA Standard would cost about two million dollars for each life saved. (Studies of the cost-per-life-saved of various other government programs usually produce much lower figures.) Doing the arithmetic another way shows that the coke oven standard costs about $9000 a year per worker exposed. Considering that coke oven workers earn around $13,000 a year, this means we could almost double their annual after-tax income if we *gave* them the $9000 in cash as compensation for exposure to coke oven emissions. As a compromise, we might be able to reduce their current risk in half, say, by spending $2000 per worker per year, in which case we could make their work environment a good deal safer and still give them $7000 a year. Looking at the many ways people subject themselves to increased risks of death in exchange for small benefits of pleasure or convenience (smoking, driving cars instead of travelling by train or bus, etc.), critics express doubt that most coke oven workers would prefer elimination of all the risks from coke oven emissions to an annual wage increase of $9000.

Considerations like these lead many economists to regard OSHA as a dreadfully "inefficient" way of saving lives. We could, they argue, save more lives by redirecting resources from saving the lives of 100 coke plant workers a year through an OSHA standard to other safety or public health programs that may save the lives of thousands or tens of thousands for the same annual expenditure.

There are many problems with the economists' line of argument. To start with, it is unlikely that much of the $200 million a year steel companies would pay to clean up coke oven emissions would, if not used there, end up in other government lifesaving programs or in the pockets of coke oven workers. If the money remained where it was—in the pockets of steel company owners and the consumers of steel—the price of steel would continue to fail to include all the costs of production, including the costs of the illness and death of coke plant workers, and one group of Americans would be reaping all the benefits while another group bore all the risks.

Economists are also a bit quick to draw inferences from so-called "implicit" tradeoffs or "revealed" preferences to situations where people are explicitly and specifically asked whether they are willing to accept a certain increased risk in exchange for money or convenience. If you asked coke oven workers whether they'd rather have a salary increase of $9000 a year or see the coke oven emissions cleaned up, they might answer one way; but if you asked them whether they would be willing to take a lottery ticket which gave them a chance of 1 in 220 of being killed (the approximate risk these workers face) in exchange for $9000, the answers might be different. Once the choice becomes explicit, few people are willing to say that we can't help coke oven workers because this is an "inefficient" way of saving lives. When the Council on Wage and Price Stability unfurled the banner of the economists at the OSHA hearings, the Steelworkers spoke of "the moral revulsion its leaders and members feel" towards the ideas expressed. Even industry spokesmen retreated with embarrassment from the line of reasoning the Council spokesmen developed. (At one point, the Council witness, a refugee from an academic economics department, stated that the industry lacked the "courage" to argue along these lines.) In a sense, once the issue of saving lives becomes explicit, the question of whether a society is willing consciously to "trade off" lives for dollars becomes a test of the society's moral character. In the final OSHA decision, the agency opted for a strict standard, which will reduce worker exposure to a minimum and cost the industry lots of money. The industry, naturally, has challenged the standard in court.

A relatively small group of workers faced with a large risk; large expenditures required to save relatively few lives; a question of whether to require that all increased risk be eliminated, or just some or most of the increased risk: these are the real elements of the very difficult decisions OSHA must make. An intelligent debate would be focused on these important questions rather than on horror stories of "over-regulation" and "harassment."

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Occupational Health v. Civil Rights for Women

In August 1974, the zinc smelting division of the St. Joe Mineral Corp. in Monaca, Pa., which employs about 1300 workers, announced it was removing 26 women from sections of the plant where the levels of lead in the air were considered dangerous. The women would be transferred, company officials said, unless they could prove they could not become pregnant, since exposure to lead had been linked to miscarriages, stillbirths, birth defects, premature births, increased infant mortality and chromosomal abnormalities.

As a result of this "protection," 17 of the women ended up in other, safer sections of the plant—at less pay.

The company focused on women, while ignoring evidence that lead can also harm the reproductive functions of men. A number of early studies demonstrated that male exposure to lead increased the risks in childbearing for their wives. A 1930 study, for example, in Milan, Italy, found the miscarriage rate of printers' wives to be 14 percent, compared to that of four percent in the general population. A more recent study, examining 150 male workers exposed to lead in a storage battery facility showed a significant decrease in fertility, including toxic effects on gonads, changes in sperm production, sperm strength and the likelihood of transmitting potential birth defects.

The St. Joe incident was not an isolated one. Thirty-seven women working in the Bunker Hill smelter in Kellog, Idaho, were transferred in exactly the same way with the same resulting pay cut. A woman in a California fiberboard plant, two months pregnant, left her job after her physician warned her that working with formaldehyde might harm her fetus. She applied for a transfer or for disability payments, but the company resisted. All she received was unemployment pay, at $85 a week less than her salary.

When a female research technician in the thyroid laboratory of a health care facility learned she was pregnant, her employer told her he could not guarantee that her exposure to radiation would not hurt her unborn child. He told her to take maternity leave—without pay—or quit. She resigned, in order to collect unemployment benefits, and was treated as a "new hire" upon her return.

It is a dilemma that women are facing more and more as they gain equity in the job market: how can they be protected from job hazards peculiar to them without suffering economic loss?

Labor unions, health specialists and others have long argued that no worker—male or female—should be forced to choose between health and safety on one hand, and wages or a job on the other. Such choices amount to economic blackmail, they say, charging that the Occupational Health and Safety Administration should make a safe workplace a matter of legal right—not something to be bartered for with lower pay or other sacrifices by the employee. Federal regulations are designed to dictate what an employer must do to protect workers generally. But there is little provision for the special problems women face within the interpretation of two laws which appear to clash: the Occupational Safety and Health Act, which mandates that employers provide a safe and healthful environment for employees, and Title VII of the Civil Rights Act, which prohibits discrimination against women in the workplace. Businesses, are, in effect, free to write their own rules and sometimes force women to choose between greater safety and better pay, between having a child and having a job.

So far, OSHA's only attempt to address the conflict has been to direct the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health to hire someone to develop a set of medical guidelines for physicians to deal with pregnant women in the workplace. The recipient of the $75,000 award was the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, whose officials insist that their work on these questions will remain "strictly scientific." "We do not want to get into the social and economic aspects of this," says Dr. Ervin Nichols, director of practice activities for the College. "The problem up to now has been that everyone has gotten into the social thing before establishing the medical aspects. It then gets all emotional, rather than logical. The social things are going to come. But right now, let me make it abundantly clear: our concern is for the health of the mother and her beautiful, bouncing baby."

This paternalistic attitude, which women have heard before, has feminists, health specialists and union officials worried about the outcome of the project. "My fear is that once these guidelines are completed, they will be used as further evidence that pregnant women should not be employed in certain manufacturing industries," says Andrea Hricko, an occupational health expert at Berkeley. "The response of industry to the problems of pregnant working women, or women of childbearing capacity, has been to declare that they shouldn't work in areas where there are toxic chemicals. I'm afraid this sort of study will extend those discriminatory policies."

Companies, however, do not see it that way. "If a situation is dangerous to the health of an employee or an unborn child, I don't feel it is morally proper to allow that person to stay in that situation," says Portia Hamlar, an attorney with the Chrysler Corp. in Detroit. She compares it to employment of the handicapped. "Although the employer is expected to make job modifications in order to employ the handicapped, those modifications do not include pay for a job the employee is unable to perform due to a physical limitation," she says. "For the same reason, a pregnant employee should not receive pay which is higher than that allocated to the assigned job. If you pay transferred women more than others in the same department, performing the same job—who have been there longer—it is just another form of discrimination."

The Labor Department, of which OSHA is a part, soon will issue a new safety standard for levels of lead in the workplace. It is an opportunity for the department to make a strong statement that it will no longer tolerate policies that discriminate against women. All it need do is set a standard that will protect everyone—man, woman and fetus.

OSHA's new administrator, Assistant Labor Secretary Eula Bingham, is a chemist and environmental health expert who, in private life, fought for stricter job health requirements, and who last year organized a Washington conference on the problems of women in the workplace. This gives women reason for hope.

Marlene Cimons

Marlene Cimons is a Washington reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*.

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Like most liberals, we have no idea. So we sent our reporter to find out.

What Do Corporations Do?

by Philip Weiss

To penetrate the "campus" of the 3M Company in suburban St. Paul means leaving the public highways and taking a road that is distinctly private sector. Four lanes of pert blacktop (no potholes) guide you in lulling swirls toward the nerve center of the corporation. Blue road signs with authoritative arrows promise "Information" and then make the point graphically with a jaunty question mark. If you don't know what you're doing here, don't stray. As for the lulling swirls, it turns out they're part of 3M's "carousel" design for the road, intended to accommodate the morning and evening employee rush hours without jams.

The road leads to company headquarters, a massive beehive of a building girded by dark marble columns. Like all other buildings on the 3M campus, "220" has a number for a name, and two checkpoints at the gates to deal with wayward souls. "No Cameras Permitted," "Employees Please Show Your Identification Card to Receptionist" say the signs at the desk. Even if no worker bees patrol the passageways to immobilize intruders, you had best get a visitor's card to clip to your jacket. One of the corporation drones, publicity manager William P. Jensen, arrives at the desk to take me to some of 3M's leaders for an explanation of what a corporation does.

The corporation's vice president for research and development is Robert Adams, who along with other top executives works on the 14th floor. Adams says he's just gotten off the phone with another 3M manager talking about an invention 3M has been interested in. It's an innovation in the "security" field, Adams says. But the inventor only has prototypes, and Adams estimates it will take between $300,000 and $500,000 to put it on the market. A good product, but it looks as though 3M won't go with it. Why not? "Why don't you drive a Mercedes?" Adams fires back by way of explanation. Even 3M has its limitations, he says, has to set some things aside.

That's Adams's job, he explains—"selecting priorities." From on high he must "encourage, stimulate, provide funds" to the teeming technicians who work in the labs. Far below him, says Adams, ideas spring like sparks from the most important "interface" in the company. That's where laboratory people and marketing people collide and feed off one another. The salesmen will have suggestions for the scientists, and the scientists will try to convince the salesmen about new products.

Adams deals with the managers of different lab divisions. After a two or three year gestation, Adams says, an idea will work its way up to him. That's when "credibility" becomes the issue. How much can Adams believe the sanguine projections of his own lieutenants? Before they sell him on an idea, they've got to establish credibility. Only then will he try to move the board of directors to commit 3M capital to the venture.

"I wouldn't kid you," Adams goes on. "We have people in the company who just aren't producing as well as they once did produce. You aren't about to fire them, by God." And then there is the custodian who's happy sweeping floors—"who doesn't care that his work is the same everyday," Adams says. But the corporation depends on those who are impatient with routine, who keep spilling out ideas. Only then can it keep growing—*growing*, a word that every executive will repeat with great emphasis. It is not enough to stay the same size. "If growth or change ceases for the corporation, growth ceases for the individual," says Adams loftily, then grounds the analysis in blunter terms: "That's where you're going to get your Mercedes one day, is as your income grows."

Adams motions toward the wall above his couch, which is plastered with corporate icons of the Carlton Society. It's an elite society, says Adams, composed of the leading scientists in the corporation.

Adams warns against stereotyping the corporation. Just as one's body is composed of "zillions of cells," he says, the corporation *is* its employees. "Stereotyping corporations is like stereotyping liberals," he says. "They're not all flaming, wild-eyed types." Not all feminists have to burn bras or come on like Karen DeCrow or Betty Friedan—they may "just firmly believe that there should be more equality for women." What matters is the climate of the corporation, how it fosters achievement. There are tensions and conflicts—"we can have a heated discussion," he says. But then we'll "make a date to play golf" and things will be resolved.

Jensen, the PR man, leads the way to lunch (in the men's room there's a dispenser for 3M Sight-Savers on

Philip Weiss is a staff writer for *Metropolis*, a weekly newspaper in Minneapolis.

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the wall), where we meet one of Adams's lieutenants. Don Conlin is a large handsome man who, like the other executives Jensen has turned up for this tour, wears a fine suit and shoes that don't need laces.

Conlin has a lot to say about taking risks. Taking on "P & L responsibility"—accountability for profits and losses—has changed Don Conlin's life. School never taught him to survive in a corporation, he says, "to take risks and adjust to change." Conlin explains, "You might risk a million dollars and it doesn't pay itself back. You risk your future if you do it too many times." This kind of choice, he says, "makes your life exciting."

Conlin's proudest moment came in 1968 when 3M chairman Raymond Herzog made him responsible for marketing the corporation's color copying systems. Color and color, as Conlin calls it, never made it—"it's been put on the back burner." The costs of the machine, the software, and the operator's training were too great, and the product never caught on. But Conlin calls his experience with color copying "a personal development, not a personal failure."

Now Conlin is project manager of the Sound Products project, one of the more than 100 "profit centers" in the corporation that have to meet independent budgets and maximize profits. Conlin is a votary of the voracious growth theory of 3M's success. Like other profit units, Sound Products is expected to generate 25 percent profit before taxes and *grow* an average of 10 percent a year. The project is 10 years old and went through a "flat spell" for a while, Conlin says, but now things are looking up. The product he markets are intercom systems, message repeating units, taped police logs, that kind of thing—Sound Products was once Background Music. "Come on over to our red raspberry department. They're a little rotten on the bottom but fine on top, at one-quarter the price," Conlin says, demonstrating how a store manager can use the message repeater system to communicate with customers. That's an "emerging market" Sound Products is exploiting, he says.

Leaving the dining room, we walk from 220 to another building through expansive corridors with picture windows. The man we've come to see is Tate Elder, a one-time physicist who now heads the company's New Business Ventures Division, a "profit center" that is supposed to lose money every year. That's because Elder's division traffics in "unrelated" ideas—ideas that are too fresh and different to be developed by a specific division. When Elder's unit shepherds a product to profitable status, it soon enough becomes "related," adopted by another profit center. Elder says he deals with "intellectual property." The packaging of intellectual property is, once again, "credibility." Elder knows that a scientist with an idea sometimes suspends good judgment. Elder's "perception of human nature," he says, is that there's the "optimistic, hopeful part" of the human mind, in addition to "a sane half." It's a manager's view of human nature. Elder thinks of P & L responsibility, then invokes the sane half.

Elder grabs a dish from a cabinet to make his point. The ceramic scientist who pioneered the plate, which is built to heat foods long after they've left the kitchen, had to convince management of a need for the plate. First they experimented with airlines, but airlines already had a satisfactory system for heating food in the dish. Hospitals, it turned out, hadn't made advances in dishware since World War II, Elder says. The sane half prevailed—a legitimate market was located.

Elder has responded happily to the achievement pressures of the corporation, molting with apparent ease out of his old incarnation as a physicist. *His* vital force has been rewarded too. He makes between $55,000 and $75,000 a year, a range determined by just how much profit the company generates that year. It's all self-generated pressure, though; 3M doesn't crack a whip, it just makes the employee very conscious of the self expectations he or she should have. "A one-idea man is a burden to our corporation," says Elder. The mean time between great ideas for a scientist should be two to five years.

It's a wonderful mutuality of interest, Elder says, that 3M should be so enchanted with his own achieving drive. He has really come up in the world at 3M. He used to have a "cubbyhole" of a lab with technicians constantly passing his door. Now he has a corner office with windows and a couch—the symbols of status in the corporation, what Elder calls "the trappings of prestige." He adds, "It was not my ambition to have a corner office with a sofa—but I've learned to like it." It's like the power windows in Elder's car. They're a "minor luxury," he admits, but he has rationalized their functional importance. In subzero weather, he can quickly whip all the windows down and up from the driver's seat—and thus air out the car without freezing.

COMING:
Eliot Marshall on
Health Care Costs,
Part IV:
The Great Hospital War

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"Like wrestling over deck chairs on the Titanic as it's sinking . . ."

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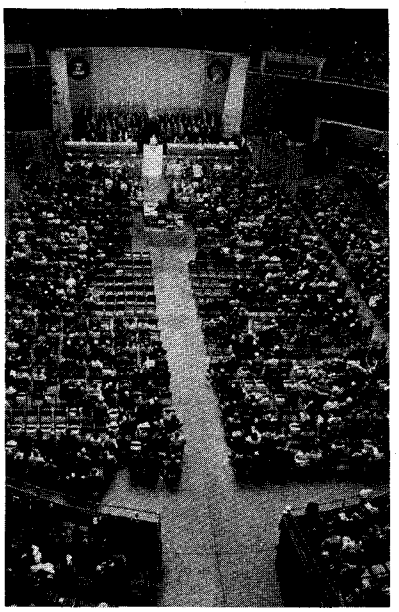

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The next stop is an office far removed from the razor's edge of P & L responsibility. A 1950s-ish brick building on a high point in the 3M warren houses the Central Research Laboratories. The metal guys on the flagpole outside clank rhythmically in the wind as we drive up. This sound, like a pile-driver, is one of the few reminders all day that this is a corporation devoted to "mining and manufacturing."

Morgan Tamksy works in a cubbyhole on the second floor. The office adjoins a cluttered lab for research on polymers, and Tamsky's personal space is crammed with books, desk, blackboard, files and the chemist himself. There's a wide gray stain on the white wall next to the desk—right in the place, in fact, where Tamsky's head touches the wall when he leans back in his chair concentrating on a problem. He has been a bench scientist for 3M for seven years, ever since he got his Ph.D. Academic study, he says, lacks the direction a private corporation is apt to give to research. He may not learn some things as thoroughly as he would in academia, Tamsky says, but neither does he get bogged down in isolated and insignificant fens of inquiry.

Every four months Tamsky fills out a report telling just what he has been doing. He realizes the report is more for him than for his supervisors—it generates pressure within him to be productive. Tamsky's work has involved studying plastics to see why they act certain ways. When he first came to 3M, for instance, Tamsky was supposed to find out why tape *doesn't* stick to some things. He grabs a roll of tape from the desk and draws out the strip—3M was a pioneer, he says, in getting adhesive not to stick to the back of the tape so that it could be unrolled easily. It's coated with silicone, you see, and for some reason adhesives don't stick to silicones. 3M wanted to know why. "If you understand the physical properties that control it, you can make a better product," Tamsky explains.

Now he is studying the properties of the toner particles in a copier—the black granules that sift onto the paper to form the characters and lines of the original. So in the laboratory, Tamsky has eviscerated a 3M copier, hooked it up like a Pavlov dog so that it works even with certain parts displaced. He's concerned with what happens when the particle sits on the paper—how it *flows* when the copier's steel rollers squash it into the pulp.

So from vice president Bob Adam's abstract and conceptual concern with budgeting ideas, we have descended through the ranks to Tamsky's occupation with the tiny granules that blacken his fingertips as he works. We began in the carpeted halls on the 14th floor of "220" with its views of the country that bathe your eyes and ended in the cramped linoleum passages of the laboratories fitted with bizarre steel devices to wash dangerous chemicals from the eyes of scientists who have knocked over flasks. Which one is pursuing the really representative corporate activity? PR man Jensen has attempted to show me people doing what 3M Corporation does, and I haven't even seen where they make scotch tape.

Organized labor has trouble with Carter, and trouble of its own.

The George and Jimmy Show

by Ken Bode

In early January, pollster Louis Harris wrote in his syndicated column, "When the new Carter Administration assumes office later this month, one unanswered question is the kind of relations it will establish with organized labor." At about the same time, President-elect Carter was reading five or six memoranda solicited from members of his staff on political and policy options for the opening days. One of those memos, which evidently received the President's very careful attention, was written by Carter's own pollster, Patrick Caddell. Caddell urged Carter to make symbolic gestures like reducing the number of White House limousines and appearing in fireside chats, in order to gain personal credibility quickly. Caddell's memo, most of which reads like a blueprint of the administration's first 100 days, also contained some advice on the question raised by his fellow pollster, Mr. Harris. Labor organizations were lumped with big city political machines as "the easiest for Carter to dominate," because "they have a willingness to accept any status quo that provides them with power and patronage."

Trouble is that while President Carter has followed

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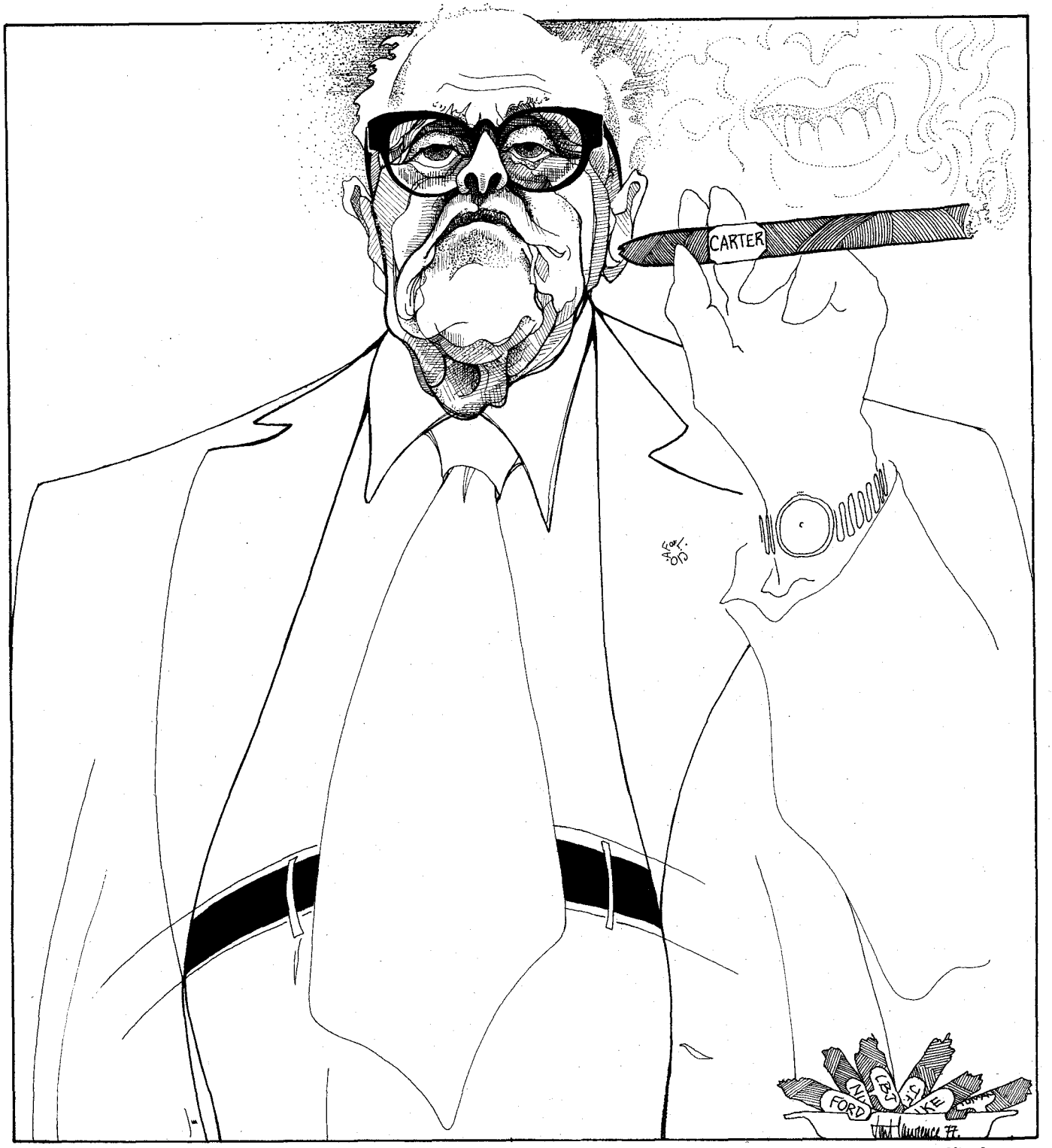

Vint Lawrence

Pat Caddell's advice about symbols to the letter, he hasn't produced much power or patronage for big labor, and George Meany, the president of the 15-million-member AFL-CIO, hasn't hesitated to let it be known how much he doesn't like it. For the first time in eight years, the AFL-CIO has a president in the White House whom the unions endorsed and helped to elect. Labor's legislative agenda includes items that have been waiting during the entire Nixon-Ford period, so Meany and others in this AFL-CIO hierarchy frequently express the belief that Jimmy Carter should pay off his election debt by attending to that agenda.

It became clear during the transition that Meany and Carter were assessing the magnitude of that debt through opposite ends of a telescope. Carter passed over the cabinet recommendations that really mattered to Meany—Defense did not go to James Schlesinger nor Labor to John Dunlop. Since then, Meany's litany of grievances has grown to include nearly every administration action that affects labor, and many that do not. The economic stimulus package, which emphasizes controlling inflation over creating jobs, was too little, too late: secretary-treasurer Lane Kirkland described it as "boldly inscribed on the head of a pin." Carter's

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decision to restrict new tariffs on imported shoes established the President as the free trader labor feared he might be; "I am reluctant to restrict international trade in any way," he said. The administration's minimum wage proposal is far below those favored by labor: "a formula for happiness among the chambers of commerce of the Sun Belt," is how Kirkland characterized it. In cancelling the plutonium breeder reactor project, Carter accommodated the environmentalists and the arms controllers on what labor views as a jobs issue. In international affairs, Carter favors and Meany opposes Paul Warnke, arms control and normalizing relations with Cuba and Vietnam. And so it goes. As the breach widens, the rhetoric escalates. Meany's latest valentine came in a private meeting of the federation's executive council, where he reportedly dubbed Carter the "worst president since Herbert Hoover," which is not exactly damning with faint praise.

At the White House, perceptions are different. The AFL-CIO erred, as they see it, by asking for too much. The legislative laundry list that emerged from the federation's annual meeting included proposals on common situs picketing, cargo preference, strip mining, minimum wage, and labor law reform to repeal exemptions for farmworkers and public employees and dump the despised section 14-b of the Taft-Hartley Act, which forces the labor movement to confront right-to-work laws on a state-by-state basis. White House people feel that Lyndon Johnson at his prime couldn't service that agenda. They think that about one of Meany's major items each year would be about the right pace, and that it would take three Democratic administrations to accommodate them all.

There is also a residue of the tension that existed between labor and the Carter people before the Democratic convention. Most of Carter's White House staff is young, new to the ways of Washington, but very confident they are up to the job. On the labor side, an aging elite—George Meany, 82, Al Barkan, 68, head of COPE, and Andrew Biemiller, 70, the AFL-CIO's chief lobbyist—is still in charge. Barkan is said to throw up his hands in frustration at the inexperience he encounters in dealing with the Carter White House: "I've been doing this job for 30 years," he wails. To which the other side rejoins, "Is it really 30 years or one year 30 times?"

Just across Lafayette Park from the White House is what is euphemistically known as "16th Street," the eight-story granite building with "AFL-CIO" carved and gold-filled on the front. But the labor movement and the Carter administration are badly out of sync, and it's not merely a function of age. At the two outposts on 16th Street, there are different estimations of the climate of opinion in the Congress and the country. The White House people, having worked closely in the primaries with leaders of more liberal unions both in and outside the federation—Leonard Woodcock of the UAW, Jerry Wurf of AFSCME, Glenn Watts of the Communication Workers, Red Smith and his successor Bill Winpisinger of the Machinists, John Ryor of the NEA and others—may understand the divisions within the labor movement better than parts of labor itself. They realize, for example, that Meany's rigid cold war line on foreign policy—issues like arms control, defense budget cuts, detente, and visits of Communist bloc labor delegations—is shared by fewer and fewer union leaders, and won't survive his retirement. Nor are they above risking Meany's bluster with pointed reminders, letting him know that they know. Thus Leonard Woodcock, who was backing Carter when Meany was still with Jackson, was chosen to head the first US delegation to Hanoi and is regarded as a leading candidate for head of mission there when diplomatic relations are resumed.

People at the White House also realize that George Meany's agenda includes volatile special interest items, like common situs picketing and repeal of 14-b—less important to pragmatic labor leaders who prefer to concentrate on economic and social programs like minimum wage and national health insurance—which are certain to generate explosive opposition and carry a high political price tag.

Common situs picketing, the first item on labor's program, was dispatched to oblivion in the House of Representatives on March 23 by a resurgent coalition of Republicans and southern Democrats. The fact that a narrow, special interest issue was put at the top of labor's legislative agenda indicates how badly flawed the strategy at 16th Street really is. The defeat indicates how difficult it will be for organized labor to meet the balance of its legislative objectives and also foretells plenty about the evolving political situation within the labor movement.

Common situs picketing (which permits a single striking union to shut down an entire construction site in a labor dispute) passed the Congress two years ago only to be vetoed by Gerald Ford. So it was inevitable that it would turn up again this time, even though President Carter had pledged only to sign the bill if it reached his desk, not to help in getting it passed. Despite skepticism from other unions, it was placed at the top of the Bal Harbour agenda at the insistence of the building trades, the hard core of Meany's strength within the federation, and with their assurances that the votes were there to get it passed. Then with the entire labor movement dutifully marching lockstep behind the building trades, and with Barkan and Biemiller personally managing the campaign to emphasize its importance, common situs came to the floor and labor found itself outlobbied, outorganized, outsmarted and outcounted.

Labor squandered more political currency on common situs than on any single issue since it tried and failed to repeal 14-b in the landslide 89th Congress.

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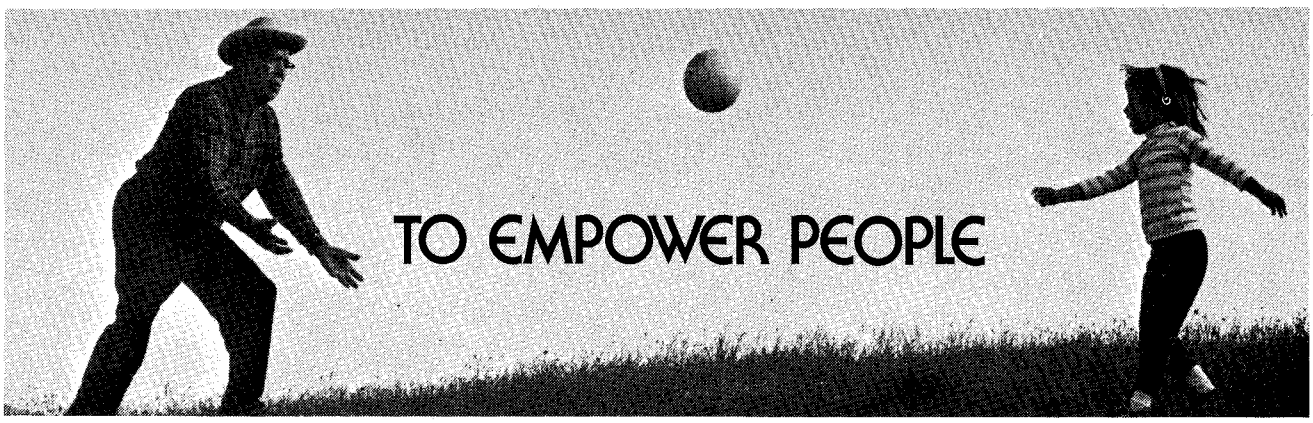

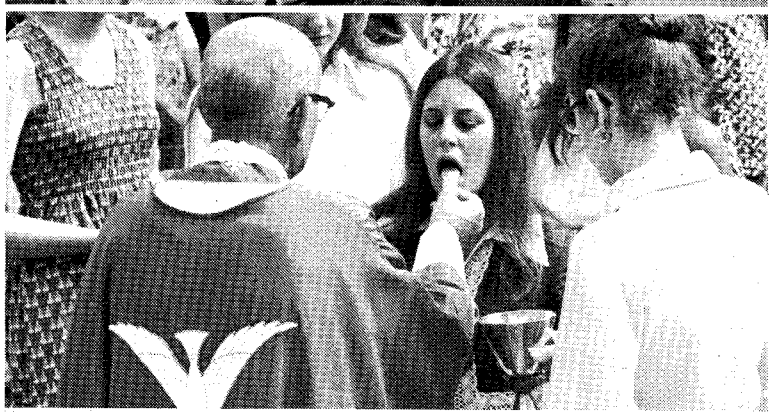

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By Peter L. Berger and Richard John Neuhaus

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Those congressmen who voted with *the building trades* at great personal risk (like Abner Mikva of Illinois) feel they've paid their dues to *all of labor* for this Congress. Those, like Al Ullman of Oregon, who deserted labor because of a highly organized grassroots lobby against the situs bill run by the Association of General Contractors and its allies, or who simply did not vote (like Mitford, Teague and Young of Texas), feel justified in the outcome. As one labor leader ruefully put it, "There is a certain 'free at last' sentiment afoot." Labor didn't do its job: the Carter administration was neutral, no one in the House leadership so much as spoke for the bill on the floor, and the mail from home, even from labor's own bailiwicks, was heavily opposed. In the House, the unions' political clout has been significantly diminished. If a controversial special-interest labor bill came to the floor tomorrow, it would lose by three times as many votes.

At the White House, the situs vote had two effects. First, it confirmed the growing impression that part of big labor's public relations package is a grossly inflated estimate of its own clout in the nation's capital. Even with its dollar and manpower contributions in marginal districts, labor can no longer deliver the swing votes on any legislation that can be made to look like a union power grab. Second, the White House feels that it went further on common situs than the President ever said he would; Secretary of Labor Ray Marshall testified for it and his aides worked to persuade some members. Nevertheless, they received neither credit nor thanks from 16th Street. Of course the day after the bill lost, Carter announced his position on minimum wage increases—less in every respect than labor hoped for—so whatever gratitude Meany might have felt he found easy to repress.

Perhaps the most important effects of the situs loss will be felt inside the labor movement itself. The Meany-Barkan-Biemiller hierarchy is weaker today among the more liberal and independent unions, and its loss of status is well deserved. In prompting a large group of House members to take a substantial political risk on their behalf and then coming away empty-handed, they violated the first commandment of legislative strategy. The same thing happened a decade ago when labor walked to the well with dozens of vulnerable freshmen Democrats from 1964 landslide districts in its effort to repeal touchy 14-b, then failed miserably in its attempts to break Everett Dirksen's filibuster in the Senate.

The situs issue was made to seem important for all of labor, which it is not. So liberal unions with broader legislative goals have been made to appear weaker than they actually are—or were. Among liberal union leaders who were never given an accurate vote count on common situs and whose pleas to cut the losses were ignored even when defeat seemed inevitable, the gross mismanagement brought subterranean criticism of Meany's inner circle into the open. It will inevitably lead to demands from the liberals for greater influence in setting labor's common legislative aspirations.

Common situs picketing is now dead. Labor Secretary Marshall, speaking to a legislative conference of the construction unions, paid homage to the 20-year goal of the building trades by hoping "that common situs, like the Phoenix, will rise from the ashes of defeat." But Marshall knows that the mythical Phoenix took 500 years to rise from the ashes and other union leaders, along with a good many House members, regard that timetable as just about right.

The situs defeat also lengthened the odds that its companion issue, repeal of 14-b, ever will reach the floor of either house of this Congress. Tip O'Neill made clear to George Meany at a closed meeting of the House Democratic leadership, that the only way that 14-b would get to the House was through the Senate. The successful grassroots lobbying effort against common situs also reinforced the administration's determination to keep 14-b at arms length. Labor Secretary Marshall's statement that the right to work issue is "more emotional than substantive" is a specific communication, Jimmy to George.

But it's not so certain that the messages are being read clearly at 16th Street. Meany knows the burden is on him to move right-to-work in the Senate; he knows that most of his allies would prefer to give the bill a quiet burial. But he has said publicly that labor's agenda is intact, and has privately told Speaker O'Neill and Senate majority leader Robert Byrd that he still wants a vote on 14-b.

There is a great deal at stake if Meany decides to put his head down and take a run at the line with 14-b. It would produce a million-dollar lobbying effort by right-to-work groups. It would give conservative Republican interest groups and corporate political action committees set up under the new campaign spending laws a badly needed organizing issue, and it would reproduce the same Deep South Democrat-GOP coalition that defeated common situs. On that vote, every Democrat from Arkansas, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi and North Carolina lined up against the bill. Meany resurrected the conservative coalition in the House with common situs; he could do the same in the Senate with 14-b.

Organized labor has always been a very important political force in Washington, a working man's lobby on the economy. Common Cause doesn't testify before the Banking and Currency Committee urging the government to impose selective credit controls; the AFL-CIO does. Big labor, under Meany, has been a major force for civil rights, anti-poverty legislation, consumer protection, housing, medicare, voting rights, truth-in-lending, OSHA and tax reform. It always has been less successful when it pursues its own narrow interests than when it leads a broad coalition. Thus it can successfully lead the fight for better social security

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benefits but fail in its effort to block the Philadelphia Plan. It can win the battles against Clement Haynesworth and Harrold Carswell, but fail in its efforts to bring the farmworkers under the National Labor Relations Act. Despite current disagreements, the Carter White House still feels very deeply that the AFL-CIO is crucial to the political equilibrium of this country. It has the capacity to build a consensus within the labor movement on major economic and social policy, and that is a critical element in the democratic process.

But the Carter people also know that the present climate of opinion is not favorable to labor. In the first quarter of this year Louis Harris found only 14 percent of the public had confidence in organized labor, and only 10 percent expressed confidence in union leadership. Labor Secretary Marshall told the building trades conference, "We must face the hard reality that anti-union forces are growing in strength," and "anti-union feeling has had a devastating impact on all of our legislative agendas." The White House owes a debt to labor, which they readily acknowledge, but the arena of public opinion sets pragmatic limits on how fast they're prepared to repay that debt.

The George to Jimmy component of the ongoing dialogue is characteristically more public and blunt to the point of abusive. At the White House they are perfectly sure that having Meany on the attack is a huge political asset for the President. Through his careful attention to symbolic acts, Jimmy Carter has set about restoring trust in government (in himself). By contrast, to most segments of the American public, the aging labor baron personifies "special interest." What better than to have Meany constantly popping-off? If George Meany did not exist, Pat Caddell would have to invent him.

The White House would like to retire some of its political debt to labor, but is finding it difficult to do so. When the AFL-CIO was asked to suggest four names for the post of Labor Secretary, Lane Kirkland showed up with Meany's list: it carried the name of John Dunlop four times. When Carter invited 17 labor leaders to come by the White House and talk about basic changes in the nation's labor laws, another key item on the Bal Harbour agenda, Meany sent word that he would come, but he would only talk about minimum wages and tariffs on imported shoes. The resulting meeting was first productive, then acrimonious. According to those present, Carter was personally offended by the behavior of some who attended.

Carter people say part of the problem is that the AFL-CIO has presented its agenda not as negotiating positions but as concrete demands. For example, Carter already has agreed to automatic future increases in the minimum wage linked in to the average wage in manufacturing; and there may be some room to compromise between his proposed starting point of $2.50 an hour, and Meany's demand of $3.00. But Carter wants to see some evidence of give in return. The administration recognizes that 16th Street is not entirely to blame for the state of worsening relations. The White House asked labor to get behind its controversial $50 rebate program, and the very day that the AFL-CIO reluctantly announced its support, the decision came down that the rebate was to be scrapped.

George Meany's recalcitrance is hurting his designated heir, Lane Kirkland, a man who is well respected and liked in the satellite offices around the President. As part of the internal politics of succession, Kirkland has tied himself to Meany's policies; he is counting on Meany's base in the building trades and is carrying Meany's messages. Kirkland recently attacked Carter caustically for selling out the goal of full employment, fighting inflation at the expense of its primary victims, beckoning a tide of imported products made with cheap exploited labor and assuring that business has a pipeline to the treasury vault.

But there are signs that Meany and Kirkland may be miscalculating. In the past few years, every institution in American society has suffered self-examination and adjustment. Except labor. There, the core institutional leadership remains entrenched, embittered and unenlightened by the changes that have left them with a limp ideology outdated by at least a decade and tattered by the Indochina conflict and its domestic political aftermath. Shackled to that ideology, the AFL-CIO's leadership is bereft of the pragmatism honored in the labor politics since Samuel Gompers and is constantly fighting self-defeating battles. With unemployment and inflation at today's levels, it is difficult to imagine Gompers being consumed as Meany has been by the need to assure that labor leaders from Communist countries are never permitted to attend union conferences in the US. No, Gompers would be camped outside Jimmy Carter's office echoing his cry, "More! That's our program!" Meany has cast labor adrift from its traditional allies and often set himself and his inner circle against a generation of younger leaders who must inevitably inherit their power.

But there are signs that even 16th Street is beginning to change. With Meany's retirement imminent and a special UAW convention in September to consider reaffiliation with the AFL-CIO, there is plenty of turmoil beneath the surface. UAW leaders who favor reaffiliation, including outgoing President Woodcock and his successor Douglas Fraser, will be hard pressed by those who don't (like Emil Mazey, the union's secretary-treasurer) to get concrete assurances that one-man rule by Meany or anyone else is over, that individual unions have greater autonomy and increased authority in forming federation policy. These were the issues that led Walter Reuther to take the UAW out of the federation in 1967.

In the bargaining over reaffiliation, the UAW

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The Spirit of Laws

Scientists and lawyers deal with different kinds of laws. The laws of nature which the scientist tries to discover are inviolable. The law of gravitation, for example, or Newton's three laws of motion, cannot be disobeyed.

Human laws do not share this characteristic. The moral obligation imposed by man-made laws results precisely from the fact that it is possible to break them. That is why everyone censures an outlaw but no one blames the falling apple.

This fundamental distinction is of such ancient origin, its truth so apparent, that one should scarcely need to mention it. Except that there are times in the history of civilizations when the difference seems to be forgotten, and ours is preeminently one of them. A substantial number of Americans now make it their business to examine the interstices of our society for unregulated areas where some spontaneous act of free will might cause trouble. This they diligently try to forestall, apparently in hope of establishing in the realm of human affairs a predictability to rival what we find in the realm of physical nature, where everything happens of necessity, or not at all.

This demand for the perfect, uniform code of conduct is a recurrent phenomenon, and books on the subject have clothed the walls of many spacious libraries. There is, for example, a notable one by Montesquieu, in which he observes:

...the intelligent world is far from being so well governed as the physical....This is because, on the one hand, particular intelligent beings are of a finite nature, and consequently liable to error; and on the other, their nature requires them to be free agents....

Montesquieu called his book *The Spirit of Laws* because he said, *"...I do not pretend to treat of laws, but of their spirit; and...this spirit consists in the various relations which the laws may bear to different objects..."* And that may well be the crux of our problem: Too many of our laws have the wrong objectives.

Everyone from the President of the United States to the hot dog vendor on a New York street corner cries out against the torrent of indecipherable government regulations, yet the real affliction is not what the regulations say, but the spirit that motivates both them and the laws supporting them. Our lawmakers and regulators alike seem to have forgotten that they are not physicists, and that we are not mere physical bodies or quanta of energy swarming about in space, but intelligent beings whose nature requires us to be free agents.

Commendable efforts are now under way to simplify the rules and regulations, if not the laws, by writing them in plainer English, and for this no citizen can fail to be grateful. Can we also hope that when the thickets of ambiguity have

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been cut away, someone will then take a hard look at what remains? For, if the intent of a rule is wrong to begin with, it cannot be made right by simplifying its language.

It is equally true that even if all our laws and regulations could be translated into models of precision and clarity, there would still be too many of them. In the long run, they are defeating their own purpose because they have increasingly narrow applications.

Their generality has been, in the tradition of jurisprudence, the basis for differentiating rules of law from particular decisions or decrees. This naturally leads to the question of whether the words "law" and "regulation" should be used interchangeably. The answer is No—but they are.

It was either Madison or Hamilton, writing as "Publius" in *The Federalist Papers,* who warned:

It will be of little avail to the people that the laws are made by men of their own choice, if the laws be so voluminous that they cannot be read, or so incoherent that they cannot be understood...or undergo such incessant changes that no man, who knows what the law is to-day, can guess what it will be to-morrow.

That was part of the argument for making our Senate a continuing body, under the Constitution, rather than a periodic assemblage of part-time legislators. Obviously, it did not solve the problem.

What the Founding Fathers did not anticipate, of course, was the phenomenal growth of "regulatory" agencies which, in the course of insuring that our laws were properly executed, would imperceptibly assume the mantle of legislators. It is unfortunate that our founders could not foresee this, because then they might have left us some suggestions concerning what to do about it. Most of them were, after all, disciples of John Locke, who was quite emphatic in his belief that "...the legislative cannot transfer the power of making laws to any other hands, for it being but a delegated power from the people, they who have it cannot pass it over to others...."

The constitutionality of our modern regulatory system is, however, beyond serious question, the expenditure of vast wealth and millions of hours of litigation having long since confirmed it. Our last, best hope may be for a new spirit of self-restraint among the regulators, and more concern by the legislators about what is being done with their laws.

At the moment, there are more signs of the concern than the restraint. Maybe it would help to remind those who persist in the dream of an American society as well regulated and predictable as Isaac Newton's Universe that the first of his laws has a name.

It is called Inertia.

There are plenty of signs of this, too.

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negotiators will be buttressed by quiet support for decentralization by other union men of some influence such as Jerry Wurf, Glenn Watts, Bill Winpisinger who takes over the Machinists in July and Bill Sidel of the Carpenters. Many of these men and the unions they lead already have staked out positions of independence, withdrawn their political funds from COPE and followed a separate course in presidential politics. In the process, they have grown more skeptical of the quality of leadership being offered by the inner council at 16th Street, dominated by Meany, Barkan and Biemiller, a leadership which insists on continued worship at outmoded labor totems like common situs picketing and 14-b. When Meany retires, possibly at the end of the year, he'll take a crowd with him. Along with UAW reaffiliation this will let a new generation of leaders revitalize an institution that has managed to stay the same while everything around it has changed. The challenge to Lane Kirkland is whether he wants to be part of that new generation.

The Agency for Consumer Advocacy will be a boon to consumers who are also lawyers.

Pluralism Run Amok

by Stephen Chapman

When he emerged from a meeting last summer with Ralph Nader, Jimmy Carter told reporters that as president he would challenge Nader's position as the nation's leading consumer advocate. Although he neglected consumer issues for most of the campaign, Carter placed several consumerists in high positions in his new administration, including Naderites like Joan Claybrook, Peter Petkas and Harrison Wellford, and Carol Foreman, head of the Consumer Federation of America. Last month Carter kept his most substantial promise to the consumer movement: the creation of an agency to argue the consumer's case before the other federal agencies. On April 6, Carter sent a message to Congress requesting the establishment of an Agency for Consumer Advocacy "to create a strong voice in government to speak up for the consumer." On May 10 the House Government Operations Committee approved a bill to create such an agency.

Nader has been plumping for something like this for years. It will represent the official enshrinement of the consumer movement. It also will put Nader-style regulatory gadflying—previously financed catch-as-catch-can—on the firmest of all financial foundations: the federal treasury. Legislation creating a Consumer Protection Agency passed both houses in the last session of Congress but was allowed to die after President Ford said he would veto it. President Carter proposed an ACA rather than a CPA so as not to confuse the agency with a certified public accountant. The bill before the House now calls it an Agency for Consumer Protection, or ACP. It seems likely to pass again and be enacted into law, although intensive lobbying by groups such as the Business Roundtable (led by Leon Jaworski) may doom the consumer agency just like that other supposed shoo-in, the common situs picketing bill.

The bills now introduced by Abraham Ribicoff in the Senate and Jack Brooks in the House seem unobjectionable to anyone generally sympathetic to the consumer movements. After all, they merely would set up an independent agency to participate in the informal and formal proceedings of other federal agencies, to intervene as a party, to challenge decisions in court, to serve as a clearinghouse for consumer complaints and to require businesses to answer specific questions about consumer problems. The intent is to promote intelligent and disinterested regulation by agencies that now, in Nader's view, are controlled by the companies they are supposed to oversee. No one can argue with that goal, but the answer offered by Nader and Carter is as empty as it is facile, mistaken in premise and logic. As a peculiar child of the consumer movement, it reveals a lot about the movement's limited vision, lack of imagination, and self-satisfied blindness to the crucial issues.

That a problem exists is beyond dispute. Critics from Nader on the left to Milton Friedman on the right agree that the regulatory agencies, far from serving the

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public interest, act almost without exception to protect the interests of the companies they regulate. Nader, though certain of the malady, is rather vague about its causes, tending to blame it on corruption and the fraternal relationship between regulator and regulated, which really are more symptoms than cause. The problem arises from some basic and unavoidable circumstances of regulation.

For one thing, the government's treatment of a particular industry is of vital importance to the people in it, and of only marginal importance to the public as a whole. The livelihood of an airline executive is at stake in every regulatory decision by the Civil Aeronautics Board, but the average air traveler spends only a small fraction of his income on flying; consequently, airline executives spend a lot more time, effort and money trying to persuade and inform the CAB than most consumers do. Nor are executives unique in this respect; if there's anything that unites management and labor, it's regulation of their industry, and unions are no slouches when it comes to lobbying for their interests. Recent talk in Congress about deregulating the airline industry has had revealing results. Congressional offices have been swamped with mail opposed to deregulation, almost all of it no doubt from people who work for airlines. They have gotten hardly any mail at all in favor of deregulation, even though a widely publicized recent GAO study estimated that it would reduce fares by as much as half. As a rule, industry efforts to manipulate the decisions of their regulators are focused, vigorous, and continuous; those of the rest of the public are vague, unorganized and sporadic.

There are political factors at work also. A regulatory agency that looks after the needs of its companies attracts no undesirable attention from politicians and journalists: if the industry it regulates is full of prosperous, growing firms, it can pretty much count on being ignored. The easiest way for an agency to assure its clients prosperity is to limit competition, hold prices up and keep newcomers out. An agency that vigorously promotes a free, competitive environment is almost certain to find itself with some dreadful public relations problems: firms that can't compete will fold, factories and offices will be closed, people will be thrown temporarily out of work. Besides those people directly affected, others in the industry will get nervous. For their trouble, the regulators will find themselves cursed by workers and managers in the affected industry, criticized in newspaper editorials, personally reprimanded by congressmen from areas affected by the closings, placed in an unflattering light for everyone to see. They may even get new laws to make sure they don't cause any more catastrophes. Only a regulator with a stainless steel backbone and a taste for self-abuse could ignore pressures like those. There aren't many around.

The consumer agency seems at first blush to solve these problems. It aggregates the diffuse consumer interests to do battle against the concentrated interests of the regulated corporations. And it destroys the prospect that caving in to these corporations will assure regulatory agencies a quiet life. Of course it is a lawyers' solution: all procedure and no substance, guaranteed to generate lots of new business for the legal profession. Instead of analyzing and remedying the defects in the regulatory bureaucracies that now exist, it will add a new layer of bureaucracy across all of them. Proponents say the consumer agency will cost the taxpayers only $15 million in its first year and $25 million by its third year; but it is not unknown for these agencies, once created, to take on a life of their own. Consumers deserve protection, but this is not the way to do it.

Moreover there are conceptual problems. How will this agency decide what is the "consumer" interest in any particular controversy? Nader's organization, Public Citizen, says the consumer interest in most cases is "apparent and uniform," but it usually is neither. On almost every question that comes to mind, there is ample room for disagreement about the consumer interest. Take the Federal Power Commission's ceiling on natural gas prices: is it in the consumer's interest to hold down prices, even if shortages result, or to guarantee a continuous supply by allowing prices to rise? Or the Transportation Department's automobile safety standards: is it in the consumer's interest to require cars to have airbag devices, or should the consumer be allowed to save money and take a chance? Or the EPA's restrictions on factory emissions: is it in the consumer's interest to have clean air and water or to have cheaper products? It is easy to guess Ralph Nader's answer to any of these questions, but a good number of consumers surely would disagree.

The consumer agency's advocates say that when there are several "consumer" viewpoints on a given issue, the agency will represent all of them. A little skepticism seems appropriate in judging the likelihood of a small agency with limited resources squandering some of them to present the views of people it disagrees with. An administrator with strongly-held views about the needs of consumers—which is presumably what the agency's supporters want—realistically cannot be expected to go out of his or her way to make sure that dissenting voices get a fair hearing. Nader, never troubled by indecision, said on one occasion that in the debate over mandatory seat belts in cars, the interest of the consumer would be "quite clear"—the agency would favor such a requirement. If Ralph Nader were in charge, no doubt it would, and there would be no nonsense from consumers who felt differently.

What exactly is the "consumer" interest? Is it the same as the public interest? If so, why does it need special representation, since the regulatory agencies are already charged with promoting the public interest?

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(Or, to put it another way: if the consumer agency can decide expeditiously where the public interest lies in any regulatory controversy, why not let it make all the decisions and avoid the lengthy and expensive adversary proceedings of the traditional regulatory agencies?) If, on the other hand, the consumer interest is different from the public interest, why should a government agency be promoting it? Not even Nader would argue that the consumer interest should take precedence over the broader interests of the society as a whole; but it would be the role of the consumer agency to make exactly that case, to ignore all other problems and focus purely on what will be best for the consumer as consumer, just like a private advocate arguing for a client.

The consumer agency's mandate for advocacy probably will be diluted considerably before Congress approves it. The Senate and House bills both include specific exemptions, but they cover different areas. Ribicoff's version excludes from the consumer agency's scrutiny any action by the Federal Communications Commission concerning the renewal of broadcast licenses. Nader candidly attributes this exemption to the power of "television stations and radio stations all over America who are organized through the National Association of Broadcasters who have great influence, particularly over some Senators of the Senate Commerce Committee." Brooks, a Texan attuned to the demands of farmers, has included a broad exemption in his bill for almost all of the Department of Agriculture's programs to assist farmers, including price supports, marketing orders, and payments for raw commodities. If Brooks has his way, the consumer agency will have little power to interfere with the government's deliberate inflation of food prices, despite its importance to consumers. Congress wants to protect the consumers' interests, sure, but not at the expense of its own political interests. If the consumer agency bill is enacted, more exemptions for other politically powerful groups are almost certain.

The consumer agency bill is presented as a means of reforming the regulatory agencies, but really it represents the abandonment of any hope of reform, since it concedes control of the agencies to those they are meant to regulate. It says, in effect, that the Babylonian captivity of the regulatory agencies is an unalterable fact of life, and that it can be overcome only by similarly institutionalizing the consumer interest. Just as an aging ingenue's facelift can give her only the appearance, not the reality, of youth, the consumer agency will not change the character of the other agencies or their decisions, but merely make things look a little better. Rather than a bold assault on the interests controlling the regulators, the consumer agency concept is a conditional surrender that says to the special interest: just let us have an agency of our own, and we'll be content to let you have all the rest since a vigorous consumer advocate will be able to undo all the damage you can do.

That way of thinking is as timid as it is naive. In most cases, the only way to reform a regulatory agency is to abolish it, leaving the companies in its jurisdiction naked to the harsh winds of the market. That would not be like Piglet putting seven verses in a Hum, of which Pooh said, "I don't suppose it's *ever* been heard of before." Nader himself has advised dismantling of the CAB and the ICC, and there's no reason to think he's mistaken: why do we need an agency to make sure airline fares are not too low or that trucking companies don't have too many competitors? The functions of some agencies and the regulatory powers of the departments—for instance, the FPC's regulation of natural gas prices and the Transportation Department's authority over auto safety standards—could be handled easily enough by Congress; and since such decisions are essentially political ones, they should be made politically. It's even worth considering if the protection of health and safety by agencies like OSHA and the FAA might not be handled just as well through private tort suits, which have done a pretty good job of protecting patients from medical malpractice. The diffuse responsibilities of the courts make them far more difficult to control or manipulate than a regulatory agency, and juries tend to be generous enough to victims of poor health and safety standards to force businesses to look after the welfare of their employees and customers.

If it's clear after a hard look that a regulatory agency is needed for a legitimate purpose—and some of them are—defining its mandate with some care and staffing it with good people can improve the quality of its decisions more quickly and cheaply than adding another ingredient to the adversary goulash. One John Robson does more for the CAB than five briefs filed by a consumer protection agency.

Instead of suggesting genuine options, however, the consumer agency's promoters offer only the logical conclusion of the perverted modern doctrine of pluralism—an agency for every interest, and every interest in its agency. Pluralism regards government not as a vehicle for determining and implementing a society's needs, values, and choices, but as an arena for the clash of opposing interest groups, all out for themselves, all appropriately heedless of larger considerations of public good. Consumerists will say that, like it or not, government is run according to pluralist notions. But that is mostly because we have gone so far in institutionalizing the doctrine, maintaining a Department of Labor to represent the interests of one group, a Department of Commerce to speak for another, a Department of Agriculture for yet another. The belief that encouraging pluralism, by dividing people into separate groups and requiring them to scratch and claw for their share of the government pie, is a good way to run a government should be

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thoroughly discredited by now. A better way to further the varied interests of consumers is to get rid of those institutions that facilitate manipulation of government power for narrow private interests, removing the government from some areas and subjecting its authority in others to political control. That route could permit us to discard the pluralist model and replace it with a new emphasis on promoting, not the interests of special groups, but the public interest. Isn't that the proper role of government in a free society?

Thoughts of an English socialist fleeing the consequences of his own beliefs.

The Present State Of Capitalism

by Robin Marris

I have been visiting this country on and off for 30 years, but there are important perceptions one must inevitably miss until one has actually taken a permanent job in a country and become an "operating" member of the community. There are some things I have learned about the intimacies of personal life in the United States that I had previously heard about, never really believed and now find to be amazingly true; these I shall for the time being leave unprinted. Instead, I want to explore some paradoxes in American liberal attitudes toward the contemporary economic scene, paradoxes that I had not previously perceived and believe not to be well understood by most of the people concerned. Listening to the complaints of conventional American non-Marxist liberals of all ages, I cannot see what it is they are generally going on about. The May 7 issue of this journal provides excellent examples of the problem. After reading his closely reasoned article on the late $50 rebate, I still did not know how much inflation—middle-class pain—Bob Solow was prepared to trade for reductions in statistically reported unemployment. Henry Fairlie, after 10 years' residence, also displayed clear signs of native liberalism. While laying about the local press in rare form, he startled this old admirer by announcing that the whole economic system needed inquiry. I do not recollect that when, in his London *Spectator* days, he was so brilliantly popularizing the concept of the Establishment, he included business leaders or high management types in his customary examples. His newfound radicalism, however, does not indicate what it is about the system that deserves inquiry. Similarly in recent discussions with my new colleagues at the University of Maryland, although I heard the usual specific suggestions that conglomerates are rather inefficient, that government regulations are misguided, that educational bureaucrats are destroying education, that we are being throttled by our own materialism (but can do very little about it), I heard no calls for drastic measures to force corporations to divest, to abolish stockholders, to institute workers' control or to nationalize basic industries. Of course as an old English socialist on the run from the consequences of his own beliefs, I am not sure that I am currently so enthusiastic about importing more egalitarianism over here. And what about readers of *The New Republic*? There is a marked contrast in this country between radical rhetoric and conservative prescription. This incidentally includes the Naderite wing of American liberalism.

I am hardly by nature conservative, but the paradox that I describe provokes me into taking up, at least for today, the role of devil's advocate for the proposition that in truth there is not too much profoundly wrong with our economic system—the proposition that, even granted the difficulties of the past five years, the economic system of the advanced non-Communist industrial countries (the so-called OECD countries—the US, Canada, Western Europe, Japan and Australia—with one fifth of the world's population and at least three fifths of the world's GNP) has really been doing rather well. The problem of environmental pollution may represent an exception. But at least we, the Westerners, first perceived it, and at least the human race may be credited with being the first of the earth's species to recognize a self-made danger to its own habitat. Communist countries, we know, have been no more successful in handling pollution problems than we have.

In the past hundred years we have seen an

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organizational revolution considerably more profound and far-reaching than the conventional industrial revolution of the preceding hundred. The Industrial Revolution got workers into factories and rather primitively tied them to mechanical power. At least up to 1880 the predominant industrial unit was still the family or family-type business. It might employ quite large numbers of unfortunate and alienated workers, but as a white collar bureaucracy it was by modern standards tiny. Before the merger wave of the 1880s and 1890s, the largest hundred US manufacturing enterprises probably owned less than a seventh of total manufacturing capital, and we have definite statistical evidence that they controlled little more than a tenth of the value of production. Public sector organization was also relatively small scaled: the entire civilian economic activity of federal, state and local government in 1890 took less than a twentieth of the GNP; military expenditure was negligible and social transfers likewise. Today, we are accustomed to the existence of public and private organizations large enough to employ tens of thousands of white collar and professional workers among hundreds of thousands of employees. The share of total capital and output represented by the large manufacturing corporations has increased threefold. Government has gotten big indeed and, unlike the private sector giants, government organizations of various types continue to increase their bite. Government civilian expenditures, only five percent of GNP in 1890, had reached 15 percent in 1970 and had gained another three points by 1976. Transfers in 1976 were 14 percent, defense six percent; total 38 percent. We have come to live in a world of large organizations whether we like it or not; and however much we—we the professionals, we the Galbraithian technochiks, we the professors who without too much pain are prepared to work in universities servicing tens and tens of thousands of students—may carp about it, we are actually thriving on it.

From 1950 to the present day, the growth of per capita income in the OECD countries was historically unique and apparently accelerating. Poverty declined and slumps (the little present difficulty excepted) disappeared. Some of all that success was due frankly to the influence of economists, and especially of Keynesian economists. Some was due to accelerating technology (which, I concede, also presents great dangers). But much also was due to the many advantages of organization. Yet despite this remarkable record, Americans and many other Westerners combine a general suspicion of all "bureaucracy" with a more specific suspicion of big business. President Carter displays these suspicions and also, well advised by his clever young pollsters, echoes them on behalf of the electorate at large. One of the most frequent complaints is that large corporations exert excessive and/or corrupt political influence; another is that they have "oligopolized" the market economy, administering prices, exploiting the consumer and doing down labor. In turn, administered prices are responsible not only for excessive profits but also for the persistence of stagflation. Furthermore, it is all getting worse.

There is an important distinction between two aspects of the organizational revolution in the private sector. The traditional way of measuring oligopoly, embodied in an entire philosophy of antitrust enforcement, is to classify the statistics according to "industries" defined as groups of firms producing a common product or using a common type of technology. The data are then arranged in what are known as concentration ratios. The "four-firm concentration ratio for the shoe industry" would be the percentage of total national production of shoes accounted for by the four largest shoemaking firms. The ratios for all the different industries can then be plotted on a graph to give a general picture of oligopolistic tendencies. Numerical estimates of the characteristics of this distribution, such as the mean, the median or the mode, are called measures of industrial concentration.

Industrial concentration, however, gives only a limited picture of the revolution. We must also look at statistics of what is called business concentration. Many of the units represented in the concentration ratios of particular industries are subdivisions of other firms—pure conglomerates or diversified giants whose activities spill over industry boundaries. It is increasingly difficult to ascribe a typical large corporation to any particular industry. It is therefore essential to study trends in the sizes of all business firms. Tens of thousands of small and medium-sized firms regularly are born, survive for a while (some taking off to become large), die in huge numbers and continue to provide much color and spirit. But when we speak of Big Management we are concerned with the largest few hundred corporations. Their shares of output and capital (about a third and a half respectively in manufacturing alone) are the figures usually used to measure business concentration. These figures may well follow different paths from the figures for industrial concentration.

Industrial concentration is what matters to those who are concerned about oligopoly pricing. Business concentration is what matters to those with more general fears of bureaucracy and political perversion. Increased business concentration does not necessarily lead to less competition: often subdivisions of powerful conglomerates pose major competitive threats to established oligarchs. In this respect I have often likened the corporate economy to a system of competing planned economies. We cannot prove they are necessarily inefficient. And although we may be concerned about their power, we might in truth prefer

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to live under a regime of a hundred planned economies than under a single authority.

As a matter of fact industrial concentration has barely increased since World War II. On the latest figures the four largest firms in your typical American manufacturing industry represent about a quarter of the output—which is the figure you would get in an industry of 16 firms of about equal size. Of course there are many industries where the top four represent more than 50 percent.

The story of the business concentration figures is less straightforward and more interesting. They have been increasing since the turn of the century. In addition to a steady creep, there were two major upsurges, in the decade 1885-95 and in the decade 1955-65. These were also periods of intensive mergers. It is possible and in fact likely (as first forseen by Marx, demonstrated mathematically half a century later by the French statistician Gibrat and more recently demonstrated in their own language by contemporary econometricians) that business concentration would steadily increase from the working of the laws of chance without the influence of mergers. But in America at least, the association of concentration waves with merger waves can hardly be a coincidence. Since the late 1960s, however, there have been fewer mergers and no further increases in business concentration. Nobody knows whether there would be another upsurge if the stock market took off again, or whether sundry recent "improvements" in antitrust laws would prevent this. There is still no law against conglomerates as such; mergers organized by exchanges or purchases of stock remain a legitimate exercise of property rights.

So right now, whatever we choose to see as the evils of "private" sector concentration are not getting worse. But if we entertain doubts about the public sector, the figures would support us. There is no real contradiction between President Carter's populism and his so-called fiscal conservatism. It may sound strange coming from someone like me who was taught economics by Keynes's immediate collaborators, but today one can make quite a good case for the balanced budget. To balance the budget, taxation decisions must be made alongside expenditure decisions. With deficit financing there is a kind of upward ratchet effect: first we spend, then we deficit, then we increase taxes to prevent the deficit from getting out of hand. And since much of the increase in total government expenditure is occurring at the local level, the conservative reaction in state and local finance that has inevitably followed from the affairs of New York and Detroit may also be quite benign! In other words, unless we really want further substantial increases in the government's share of economic activity, recent conservative trends should be welcome.

Our attitude toward the political power of the private sector also needs clarifying. It is inevitable that large autonomous financial organizations will acquire political clout. What are we going to do about it? If the answer is "break them up," let us think carefully about how we would actually propose to proceed. If one insisted for example that no corporation should exceed a certain size one would have to pick a figure. Because of the extreme disparity in the sizes of corporations, a figure that would cause a revolutionary reorganization of a handful of firms would leave the rest of the system untouched. And whatever figure is adopted, as a corporation began to approach this figure it would lose the essential capitalist incentive to efficiency, the incentive that comes with knowing that one's own efforts will be rewarded with cash resources for further expansion.

Of course there are indeed some very serious problems in our contemporary affluent society, every one of which has been discovered by the conventional wisdom of the past decade. The environment, excessive energy consumption, stress, stagflation, the crisis in secondary education: these are common to all Western countries, although excessive energy consumption and stress are especially American. But none of these problems are directly caused by the corporate structure of the private sector, or by the increasing scale of the public sector. One might question the case of stagflation, but I do not believe that the appearance of this monster, around 1970, was caused by oligopoly. It is true that stagflation could not occur in a regime of perfect competition with tiny firms and no trade unions, but in such a regime we would be very poor and probably unhappy. It is also true that stagflation has been considerably encouraged by public-sector salary inflation.

Many aspects of these real problems may nevertheless be related in more complex ways to the organizational revolution: stress with careerism, environmental pollution with large scale production. Economists have a conventional way of looking at environmental problems as "externalities" that are best internalized by taxes and subsidies rather than by arbitrary regulation. But society rarely goes along with the economist on this. Society faced with an environmental problem nearly always chooses regulation. There may be all sorts of social forces preventing rational decisions here. It is a common observation that the lower one looks in the American income scale, the greater appears the propensity to operate the largest kinds of automobiles. Is this entirely the result of brainwashing from Detroit? Are the preposterous speeches by the president of General Motors an expression of power or of a desperate attempt to regain some control over events? Could it possibly be that the largest obstacle to rationalization of the American energy environment is in reality the ridiculous socialist notion that one should not use the price mechanism if it could conceivably hurt the poorer drivers?

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Money in Focus

Because film is financed by moneyed people in order to make money, you might think that the history of business, labor, and similar subjects in film stories is predictable. It is—to some degree. But there are odd wrinkles and crinkles.

Take the first decade of US films, which was also the first decade of the century—pretty heady days for capitalism. Yet D.W. Griffith's early Biograph films were frequently about social problems; the best-known of them, adapted from Frank Norris' *The Pit*, is called *A Corner in Wheat* (1909), about the evils of grain speculators. In 1912 the Edison Company produced *Children Who Labour*, an attack on exploitation of juveniles in mills. These are only samples.

Aside from the fact that in press and literature this was the peak of the Age of Muckraking, there is additional reason for the concern in early films with such matters. When films began to be shown widely, they almost immediately got themselves an enormous audience of working people, many of whom had only very rarely gone to entertainments of any kind before. It's a widespread fallacy that, because film took over many of the *forms* of popular theater (later called film genres), the *audience* for the new popular medium was more or less the same. Not so: it was astronomically increased. The theater audience, despite all the old prints of crowded galleries, had always been proportionately small. (One estimate of London audiences for the major theaters in the 18th century is 1.7 percent of the population.) But with the coming of film, families that had not been able to afford the money or time or even the travel within a city to go to theaters began to flock to the local nickelodeon. Jane Elliott Snow wrote in a film trade journal in 1910: "Few [workingmen] . . . could afford to take their wives and children to a place of amusement where the least expense would be from 25 to 50 cents each; but they could take them where they only had to pay five or ten cents each."

The film financiers knew their audiences and, for profit of course, stayed close to the troubles and experience of working people, in city and country—certainly not always realistically but with plenty of recognizable detail. Then, in the second decade, tonality changed, though not locus. Lewis Jacobs says in *The Rise of the American Film*: "Still dealing mainly with the working man's milieu, the motion picture made much of his spiritual nature. The struggle for existence and the tribulations of being poor, which figured so largely in the earlier movies, were now presented as less important in life than inner goodness. Pictures preached that wealth alone does not bring happiness. . . . The poor but pure were reassured that they have first claim to heaven."

Once again the film was learning from the theater. As the economic and social status of the film audience bulged upward, as it became more like the theater audience in composition, the subject matter of film began to reflect the tenets of 19th-century popular theater, the code of melodrama: "Money is bad for you poor people. We who sit in the boxes envy the innocence of you in the gallery."

After the First War the texture of the audience changed further. The strata of the 19th century began to be dissolved (it was thought) as the 1920s seemed to bring everyone, then or potentially, into the middle class. Again the studio owners sniffed the *Zeitgeist*. Garth Jowett says in *Film: The Democratic Art*: "Whereas the pre-1914 film was clearly aimed at the working class, by 1922 the industry's product almost exclusively reflected the lives of a somewhat imaginary leisure class. . . ."

Came the Depression. (Montage here: Wall Street crowds, ticker tape, calendar leaves falling from 1929 to 1932, breadlines, etc.) The imperatives of US film in those black, black days were double. First, there had to be *some* reflection of what was crushing people, or audiences would simply have hooted. Second, there had to be assurance that everything was fundamentally fine, prosperity was just around the (mobile) corner, and watch out for Bolshies.

So, although there were pictures about labor troubles (*Black Fury*) and unemployment (*Our Daily Bread*), they solved their problems before fadeout. A bank might get in trouble but it was saved by its good-guy president and directors (*American Madness*). Even musicals tipped a tap toward FDR's "forgotten man" ("Remember My Forgotten Man" from *Gold Diggers of 1933*). America was still the land of opportunity: Maurice Chevalier, in one of his first US films, *The Big Pond* (1930), follows a girl to this country, gets a job in her father's factory, makes good, and marries her. There was nothing *really* to worry about.

Hitler helped to cure the economic undulations of the New Deal, and films, other than those on military subjects, showed shoulders being put to war wheels. From *The Celluloid Weapon* by White and Averson: "With Hollywood mobilized, the majority of films were concerned with war themes and were aimed at the swing-shift Johnnies and Rosie the Riveters on the home front. Deanna Durbin was their lyrical spokesman in *Hers to Hold* (1943) when she sang 'Say a Prayer for the Boys Over There' during lunch hour at a defense plant."

After the war came the usual questions that couldn't be asked during the war, but they were quickly gassed by the euphoria of the Eisenhower era. For me the typical film (and novel) of the time was *Executive Suite*, which in effect said, "Damn it, what's *wrong* with making money? A few weasels here and there, but even Eden had a snake. Business is to the real American what

Films Worth Seeing

Aguirre, The Wrath of God. A German-made political allegory about *conquistadores*, Peru 1560. Not thematically enlightening but marvelous to watch.

Annie Hall. Woody Allen's best film so far—which means mostly unobtrusive direction, mostly successful gags about neurotic sex and love.

Harlan County, USA. A (for once) deserved Academy Award has brought back this fine documentary about coal miners.

Network. The TV networks slashed with Paddy Chayefsky's rubber knife. But it's well acted and fast.

SK

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marble was to Michelangelo."

Collapse of euphoria. (Another montage: JFK in Dallas, napalm in Vietnam, war protests, Nixon grinning with hands upraised, Nixon crying as he gets into the last helicopter.) And where do current film attitudes toward business come out? Two recent films show how wide the range is. *Network* builds to the devil theory of international conglomerates, now Arab-throttled, that supersede governments. This view relieves us of the need to act, even to judge ourselves. "They" are bad, so we might as well just slump along, helpless. *Between the Lines* (a wretchedly directed and edited film) is about the takeover of a Boston "underground" newspaper by bigger money interests. The "bitter" message is that '60s radicalism led only to young business men in swingy clothes. The message for me was: What's the surprise?

The rude historical synopsis above shows that one aspect of business control of films has been to let films criticize business, to ruffle further some ruffled feathers but with a hand that remains on the bird's neck. Specially interesting when you consider a unique element in both the pro and the disguised-pro attitudes toward business in US films. This fantastically powerful medium, nowhere more successful than in the US, was from its American start run to a large extent by foreign-born men. As several writers have noted, film came along just when immigration was at its height, and the big names in the big days—executives, though not always owners—were Laemmle, Zukor, Goldwyn, Mayer, Fox, Skouras, all born abroad. They were in a business whose products, though internationally successful ultimately, had first to sell at home. A great number of the decisions about how American attitudes were to be shown on the screen to Americans were made by men who were relatively recent arrivals and wanted nothing more than to stroke the older residents, to subscribe to the most central of accepted mythologies and ethics—whatever they were at the moment.

That eager adoration lasted just about as long as the assembly-line studios lasted, which was just about when the immigrant generation of executives began to die off. The heirs inherited mostly trouble. As production became fragmented, the public became fragmented. Among the groups: youth, black, "family." (There is now also a substantial porno audience but that's an entirely different subject.) Of course there are overlaps, which are what make the titanic hits, but there is much less prevailing homogeneity than before.

One can say that there is now a group of top executives who would love to be able to do what their predecessors did—feed the public a diet in tune with the times—if only they knew what it was. But how can you read the charts? *Rocky*, which is Horatio Alger updated, is a hit. *Network*, which says we're the dupes of business, is a hit. *Fun with Dick and Jane*, which says that we can ream the ones on top with their own reamers, is a hit. What *does* the public think about business these days?

Not only is it all mixed up but you can't even be sure that the next picture in any of those three hit categories will succeed. Not that category pictures always did. Not that there weren't successes out of category in the past. But at least there used to be a rough map of the territory. Among the many sighs to be heard from the Coast these days, you can almost single out the one that wishes for some clear idea of US attitudes toward business, at least as clear as in, say, 1908-1914 or 1918-1929.

Henry Fairlie on television

David and Pariah

Others may write about Richard Nixon, in this merry month of May in which he has returned to speak to us from his mausoleum; I wish to write about David Frost who has also returned to edify us once more. There are ways in which the two men so resemble each other, and are so much a part of the grimy side of our civilization, that one feels like saying, as one says of bad marriages: "They deserve each other."

Everyone concentrates on how much Nixon is getting for the shows; no one thinks to make a point of how much Frost is getting for them. Everyone questions Nixon's motives; no one makes much of a point about Frost's. Yet if we are genuinely concerned about our society and its precarious values, it is surely the case that David Frost and his

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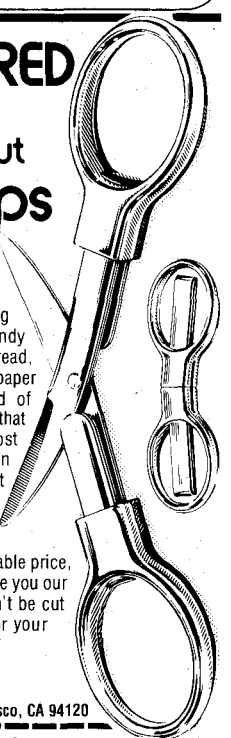

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sponsors are as much at fault as Richard Nixon.

On the radio news last Wednesday, he was called "showman Frost." It is a good word for him, except for the unfairness to the great showmen, Barnum and Bailey and Goldwyn and Zeigfeld, and a hundred others. Since he left Cambridge University, the world of Frost has been showbiz; and his main influence has been to hasten the transformation of the more serious activities of television into showbiz. Much more than Johnny Carson, who hardly has pretensions, Frost has trivialized the manner in which television might deal seriously with serious issues.

His first success, of course, was "That Was the Week That Was" (which crossed the Atlantic from Britain), of which he was the "host," that once warm word which television has degraded, as it has degraded "guest." "That Was the Week That Was" was all right in its way, but it was part of an atmosphere which existed in Britain at the time that included the revue, "Beyond the Fringe," which also crossed the Atlantic and was a success here. Both of them were acclaimed as "satirical," whereas they were really rather affectionate caricatures of British institutions in their decline; much of the same jocularity then to be transferred to American institutions in the American version of "That Was the Week That Was."

When "TW3" collapsed, David Frost returned to the screen in Britain as the "host" of a program called, "Not So Much a Programme, More a Way of Life." But people were beginning to see through the pretense, and it did not run as long as "TW3" in Britain, and did not cross the Atlantic. It was, in truth, *not* so much a program.

For my sins, I appeared on "Not So Much a Programme" from time to time, in what seemed to be regarded as the "heavy" spots, when I debated with people like Gore Vidal. In those days on the BBC, the producers of, contributors to, and "host" of such a program had a relatively elegant dinner, to decide what we should all do, before we went straight to the studio to televise the program live. My memories of those dinners is vivid.

At the head of the table would be David Frost, our "host": of course paying for the whole thing himself, and having spent the day choosing the menu and ordering the flowers for the table. He was then a man of pale—one would in truth have to say pasty—complexion who left the table half-an-hour before the rest of us, then to arrive on the television set transformed. Suddenly, while the rest of us had been biting our nails over the last expresso, his face had become ruddy, his eyes large and sparkling; and he bounded on to the set to greet his audience, both in the studio and at home, with a kind of "Oh! you lucky people!", ready with his three-ring circus, of which we were a live part.

The dinner after which I and Gore Vidal were supposed to debate would now be called "out of sight." It was not long after the assassination of John Kennedy, and clearly the producers had hired us to debate the character and political achievements of Kennedy. Sniffing a little at the food, and a little more at the wine, Vidal tried to suggest that we should discuss Roman emperors and popes and apostates (the subject of the novel he had either just produced or was about to produce). I found the idea engaging; it was at least more interesting than going over the corpse of Kennedy again. But we were voted down by those in charge.

Then, when Vidal and I got on the air, the exact reverse of what David Frost and the producers of the program thought would happen, in fact happened. I had been known as a consistent critic of John Kennedy's methods, but Vidal's criticisms of him were so acidulous that I found myself pushed into reverse and protesting that legitimate criticisms could not be carried to such a level of personal bitchiness. But the point to me is, not Vidal's views or my own, but that Frost had not the slenderest idea of what was happening, and had no script to help him.

Anyhow, "Not So Much a Programme" collapsed in good time; and little was heard of Frost until there was one day an announcement in the press

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that he was going to "host" some other program for television. Kitty, the gifted wife of Malcolm Muggeridge, read the news to Malcolm at breakfast. Muggeridge replied that he thought that Frost "had sunk without trace," to which Kitty answered, "I would not worry; he always rises without trace, too": the only occasion that I have known Malcolm Muggeridge admit that someone has successfully capped his own humor. For the remark is devastating; and, just as it is true of much of the television attitude to the world, so it is true of these current programs of Frost's and Nixon's.

I can think of few others, with a reputation of any sort, who would have been bought to buy Richard Nixon to appear again on television; who would have been willing to follow, yet again, the same trail of indefatigable lies, of self-justifiction, and of smirking innuendo. It is not only the payment to Richard Nixon that matters, but also the payment to David Frost: the second as much as the first contributes to the destruction of a civil society.

Two professionally unprincipled men—one in politics, one in a form of journalism—have got together to make money for each other. That is all these dreadful programs are. There is no honesty in them on either side: and yet their generosity to each other is proclaimed round the country as some event of significance. It has no significance, other than the further evidence of collapsing values.

Perhaps the best that I can say in conclusion is that I do not take Richard Nixon as a typical American, and I hope that in return Americans will not take David Frost as a typical Briton. But beyond that is the awful thought that Cambridge University could once boast that its most celebrated student was Isaac Newton, even amongst his contemporaries; whereas the most celebrated today is a pasty man who needs the make-up room to make him seem real.

Michael A. Ullman on jazz

New Directions

Black musicians have objected to having their performances called "jazz," a term whose origins are obscene and a label that implies to many people a harsh, uncompromising music that will not sell. Jazz, it is argued, is a music of a minority of listeners, black and white. It isn't played on the radio or seen on the television. Most Americans remain genially unaware of its history, although they were once accustomed to seeing Louis Armstrong squeezed between a tumbling act and a team of ballroom dancers on the Ed Sullivan Show, and they are perhaps wondering today why he hasn't appeared recently. If even the most popular jazz musicians sidle out of the American consciousness with comparative ease, and if the "jazz" label can hurt established musicians playing in a comfortable mode, what must be the suffering of a group of musicians whose creations struggle under the rubric of "avant-garde jazz," and whose music is often genuinely difficult and even harsh? Pianist Cecil Taylor, a major force in this music for over a decade, speaks with exasperation of the time when listeners accused him of being insincere in his music making:

It must occur finally to someone that not only are these people serious, but that there is no other way open to them. Because, Jesus, if this is a materialistic society and you're a member of the so-called avant-garde (they even have a little category which means that you're even more exclusively a minority inside a minority), it means you have nothing. You don't even have what passes for communion from your musical community, you don't even have that.

Cecil Taylor says that avant-garde jazz is what it is because its creators had nowhere else to go musically. Leroi Jones compared the new music of the '60s, as played by Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor and others, to bebop: "Both utilized the same general methods: getting the music back to its initial rhythmic impetuses and away from the attempts at rhythmic regularity and melodic predictability that the '30s and the '50s had laid on it." Bebop and the avant-garde jazz of the '60s and the '70s were responses to stagnation: responses necessary in a music based traditionally on improvisation and innovation. In the '30s, the big band sound, with its square, evenly rendered four beats, dominated the popular music scene. Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, and Thelonious Monk created a new music by sub-dividing the beat, by writing peculiar musical lines, strikingly harmonized and accented irregularly, and by playing virtuoso solos against a newly liberated rhythmic pulse. Originally viewed as freakish, called "Chinese" music by that authority on the Orient, Cab Calloway, bebop is now recognized as a brilliant and authentic creation.

But the new music of the '60s has not received comparable acceptance, despite the fact that it is another honest response to a musical problem, or set of problems. Charlie Parker himself felt the need for a new development in his music. A master who had revitalized the blues, Parker felt trapped by its form. According to Ross Russell's biography of Parker (*Bird Lives*), the saxophonist was searching despondently for a new way to break out of the restrictions of the blues and ballad forms. He talked of studying composition with Edgar Varese, but nothing came of it.

After Bird's death in the middle '50s, jazz seemed split into a "cool school" of musicians influenced by classical techni-

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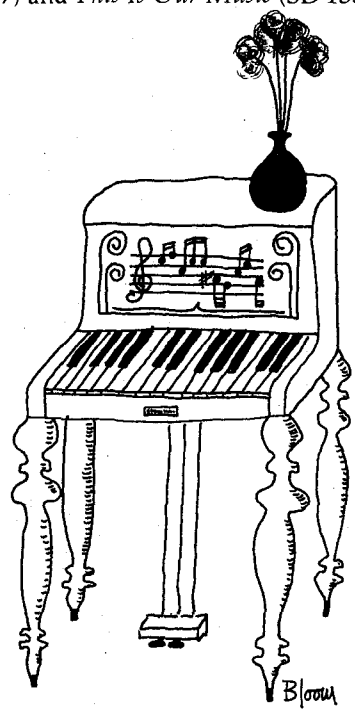
ques and "hard bop"—the dominant strain of the late '50s—creations Leroi Jones called unsympathetically mood music for Negro colleges. The hard boppers played a funky, aggressive music, often with references to gospel music and the blues. They tried for soul, while the cool players dabbled in sophistication. Each group provided some attractive music, but each was restrictive in some way. The musicians who were unable to work within these restrictions created the music called variously the New Thing, or the avant-garde. Musicians such as Taylor, Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, and Don Cherry explored new ways of making music. Most attempted to free improvisation from the restrictive song form, with its recurrent chord patterns, and each worked in groups that stressed new rhythmical sounds and devices.

There were sufficient musical reasons for the new experiments in jazz improvisation. But it was also inevitable, given the climate of the '60s, that the need for certain kinds of freedom in music would be tied to the demand for political freedom among the young blacks who were producing most of this new music. The press spoke of angry young men and their music. Sometimes the apologists for the new music were equally destructive: a Coltrane idolator, David Hunt, defended Trane's music by saying: "That which is grotesque, outrageous, and repulsively ugly must be symbolized musically and projected realistically in the jazz form" (*Black Giants*, 93). Not surprisingly, few of the musicians who were making the music talked of the "repulsively ugly," although they mentioned new expressiveness and the need to incorporate new sounds. There was considerable talk about a "black esthetic," as if it were a monolith. As a result, some musicians attempted to capture more and more of their world in their music by incorporating poetry, as did Archie Shepp, or theater and dance, as do the Art Ensemble of Chicago and Sun Ra's organization. The results were not always successful, and were sometimes frankly awful. Convinced by their own propaganda, some musicians played as if creation were a mere matter of expending energy, honking, squealing and shouting their way through long and ultimately tedious performances, unrelieved by the variety, melodic gifts and wit that someone like Ornette Coleman brings to every piece. No art should be judged by its failures, though, and today the important musicians of the avant-garde have largely eliminated the musical excesses that turned people away from the music in the '60s. If they are willing to give the music a chance, many listeners will be surprised by the fresh and exciting sounds that are being played.

The best place to start is with the first generation of avant-garde musicians, including Eric Dolphy, John Coltrane, Cecil Taylor, and Ornette Coleman. The records I will recommend come primarily from the early '60s, and together they represent the most important documents of the direction the music was taking at that time. In his composition, "Ode to Charlie Parker" on *Far Cry* (Prestige 7747), Eric Dolphy reveals his primary inspiration. Dolphy was a thoughtful, organized musician whose music remains within the song form. He conceives of his music as tonal, but he uses dissonance freely, and he can make his alto sax and bass clarinet chirp, cluck and gurgle amusingly. His solos can be complex statements or joyous flights. Besides the *Far Cry* album, one should look for Prestige 24027, *Copenhagen Concert*.

Among Ornette Coleman's Atlantic recordings, I would recommend especially *The Shape of Jazz to Come* (SD 1317) and *This Is Our Music* (SD 1353).



Daniel Bloom

These records feature four major musicians besides Coleman: Don Cherry on cornet; Charlie Haden on bass; and Ed Blackwell and Billy Higgins on drums. Coleman's quartets play his oddly lilting melodies and develop an intriguing group sound that is dominated but not overwhelmed by Coleman's sharp alto sax. Coleman sounds at times like a Charlie Parker who has finally found his way out. While he doesn't run through the chord changes of popular songs, he is a melodic player and disciplined innovator.

Some of the most satisfying of John Coltrane's music was recorded relatively early in his career, before he found what one critic has called his "monolithic spiritual stance." *Coltrane Plays the Blues* (Atlantic 1382) documents his fiercely personal way with the blues as well as the beginning of his interest in Indian music. Among his many albums for Impulse, I would recommend *Live at Birdland* (Impulse a-50) for its lovely ballads, strong blues, and for its examples of Elvin Jones's impassioned drumming.

Cecil Taylor is a pianist whose extended improvisations—solo and within a group—are now reaching large live audiences. Arista has recently put out a double album entitled *Nefertiti* (Arista-Freedom 1905), capturing his work at the Café Montmartre in the early '60s, and Bluenote has reissued even earlier recordings on an album entitled *Cecil Taylor in Transition* (Bluenote LA 458-H2). In both recordings we hear Cecil Taylor's darting, physical way of playing the piano, and in both we hear him dealing with popular compositions in a relatively accessible style. People who would be offended by Taylor's hour-long solo marathons can still enjoy this music.

Naturally, there have been many striking recordings made by new style jazz musicians sine the early '60s. I can only mention a few that are attractive and representative. Two members of the Ornette Coleman Quartet, Charlie Haden and Don Cherry, have gone on to make important records under their own names. Haden's warm bass is heard in a series of powerful duets on his recent album, *Closeness* (Horizon SP-710). As Haden's duets are with Ornette Coleman, Paul Motian, Alice Coltrane, and Keith Jarrett, all major figures in the new jazz, this album is an intriguing introduction to the music. Don Cherry has made many albums. He plays with the raucously melodic saxophonist Albert Ayler, on Arista AL-1000; with Gato Barbieri and Pharoah Sanders on several records for Bluenote; and with some European musicians on a fine record for MPS, *Eternal Rhythm*. All his recordings feature his intelligent approach to group playing and his effective phrasing on his squeaky pocket trumpet. (Another trumpeter, Ted Curson,

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formerly with Charles Mingus, is a masterful technician whose fiery intensity provides an effective contrast to Don Cherry's elegant Easternisms. Curson has recorded recently for Arista.)

Anthony Braxton, Sam Rivers and Archie Shepp are among the most important saxophonists recording today. Braxton came from a group of Chicago musicians who have created the Association for the Advancement of Creative Music. Braxton's alto sax, and, more importantly, his compositions, can be heard on records for Sackville (*Trio and Duet*), Arista (AL 4064) and Delmark. He can also be heard on bassist Dave Holland's *Conference of the Birds* (ECM 1027). This album features both Braxton and Rivers, as well as the lithe bass and attractive compositions of Dave Holland. Archie Shepp has a huge, sensuous tenor saxophone sound that suggests a leering Ben Webster. He can be heard on a recent issue recorded at Montreux by Arista (Arista 1027).

Pianist Andrew Hill has followed a recent trend towards duet and trio performances in his Arista album *Spiral* (AL-1007): he includes a duet (with Lee Konitz) and demonstrates his ability to work with any size group. The enormously popular Keith Jarrett can be heard with his usual quartet on *Shades* (Impulse ASD-9322). Pianist Stanley Cowell can be heard on various recordings for Strata East, an organization controlled by the sophisticated musicians it records.

One result of the upheaval of the '60s is that now modern musicians have banded together economically. Some are producing and selling their own records, as well as creating a genuine group music. New York's Jazz Composer's Orchestra has a series of big band recordings led by Clifford Thornton, Don Cherry, Mike Mantler, and Leroy Jenkins. One of the finest of these recordings is Roswell Rudd's Numatik Swing Band. Rudd is an exciting, versatile trombonist who can play an intense duet with Archie Shepp, a wry punning solo with the likes of John Tcichai, or a mockingly sentimental version of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." He is an experienced musician who has played Dixieland professionally and who can do strange things with the swing band convention. The records of the JCOA are distributed by the New Music Distribution Service, 6 West 95th St., New York, New York. Part of their service is a catalogue that lists records of the new music, jazz and classical.

The Revolutionary Ensemble is a trio composed of Leroy Jenkins, violin; Sirone, bass; and Jerome Cooper, drums. Each of these musicians doubles on other instruments, and together they make some joyous music. Partially because of their sometimes self-indulgent tinkering with "little instruments," African and domestic, their recordings are uneven: I recommend ESP 3007 and, more strongly, *The People's Republic* (A&M SP-708).

These are only a few of the valuable recordings. Taken together, they demonstrate many of the directions the new music is taking. They represent a splendid communal achievement for the minority within a minority. Speaking to Leroi Jones, Don Cherry told of his musical discovery within the Ornette Coleman Quartet: "When it came time for me to play, after Ornette and the others played, I used to think, Damn, what space haven't they used up? Now I'm finding out." The new music explores the space the others have left and, as Cherry implies, the exploration is an honest response to a musical problem. If they are strong enough, isolated musicians with no other way open to them create their own way and make their own community.

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He cruises the nether world on the back
of a black leopard. And here he has put
on his special pectoral, the one
painted with granulated gold. This will
adorn him as he crosses over.

I shuffle
in line on December seventh to see
how that royal departure took place.
A cast of thousands is passing this way.
No one looks up from the alabaster
as jets crisscross overhead. Our breaths
cloud the cases that lock in the gold
and lapis lazuli.

The Day
of Infamy, Roosevelt called it. I was
a young girl listening to the radio
on a Sunday of hard weather. Probably
not one in seven packed in these rooms
goes back there with me.

Implicit
throughout this exhibit arranged
by Nixon and Sadat as heads of state
is an adamantine faith
in total resurrection.
Therefore the King is conveyed
with a case for his heart
and another magnificent
hinged apparatus, far too small,
for his intestines, all in place,
all considered irretrievable

whereas if one is to be blown
apart over land or water
back into the Nothingness
that precedes light, it is better
to go with the simplest detail:
a cross, a dogtag,
a clamshell.

Maxine Kumin

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Shakespeare: The Man and His Achievement by Robert Speaight

(Stein and Day; $15)

I first got to know Robert Speaight when I was reviewing for the London *Times Literary Supplement* during its old anonymous days. In response to a notice of his *Shakespeare on the Stage*, he sent me a letter, *via* the editor, agreeing with some of my strictures, and explaining why he had done as he had. Not a word of complaint; the letter was characteristic of his openness and sunny temper. Then, last August in Stratford-upon-Avon, we bumped into one another in Henley Street, a few steps from Shakespeare's Birthplace, and went off together for a meal at a nice little French restaurant (yes, there *is* a nice little French restaurant in Stratford). That night at Marianne's we ate and drank rather too well—Speaight was a *bon viveur*—and talked about Shakespeare productions past and present, and what we hoped, none too confidently, might come. Speaight had a marvelous command of the subject. An intellectual in theaterland, he had acted Shakespeare with the Old Vic, although he made his name with his Becket in T.S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*. He had written an authoritative book on William Poel, the producer who tried to recreate Elizabethan stage conditions in Edwardian London. Speaight had himself worked with Poel, so his writing had the special advantages of first-hand experience. He planned to come to Washington last autumn to do the star turn at a conference hosted by the Folger Shakespeare Library. Then, in November, he died unexpectedly. Thus the book under review appears posthumously.

In it Speaight addresses the general reader, thereby assuming that *rara avis* still flaps about in the cultural aviary. Mostly he has in mind the general reader who relishes the prospect of seeing his classics acted. Speaight's program is to tie a discussion of the playwright's developing art to a biographical scaffolding. Let it be granted straightaway that he doesn't cope very happily with the Shakespeare of the records: the Stratford bourgeois who married Anne Hathaway and fathered three children, succeeded mightily as playwright-actor-sharer with the leading London reper-

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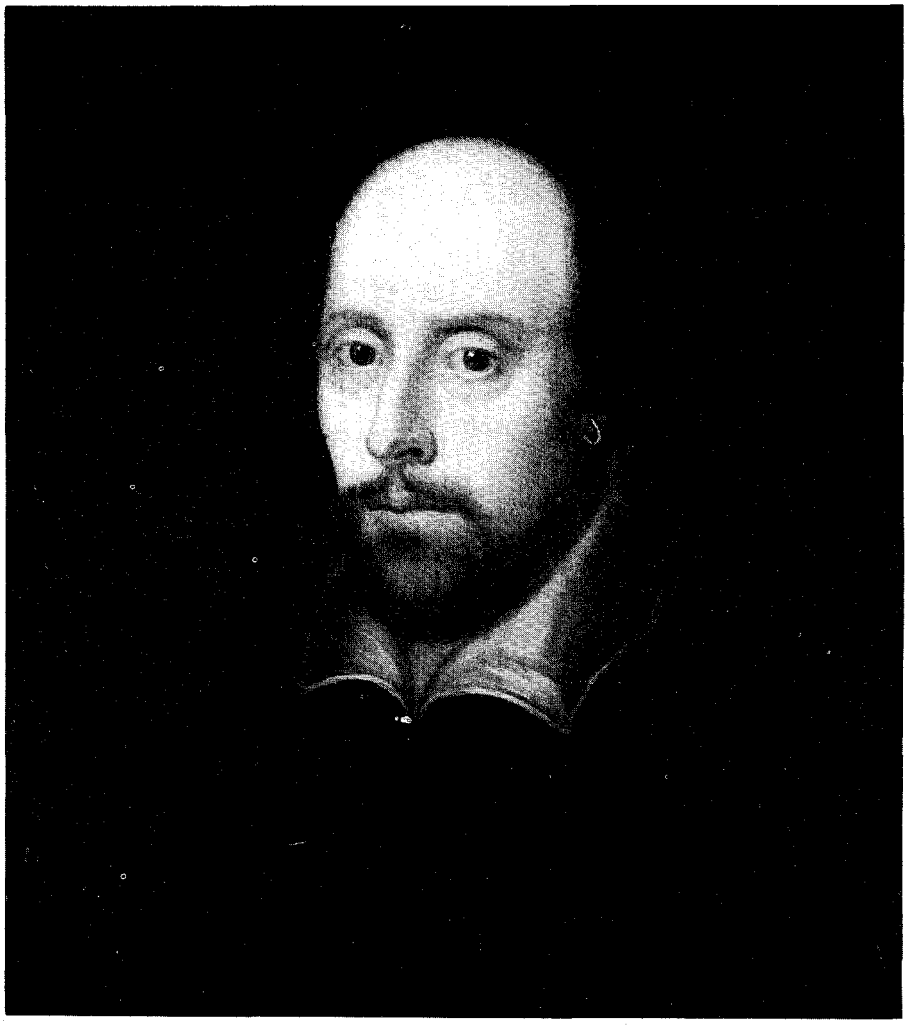
tory company, and finally retired to the town of his origins, where he invested prudently in houses and land. This is the mundane Shakespeare who also happened to write *Hamlet, Othello,* and *King Lear.* The paradox disturbs some, and lurks behind the anti-Stratfordian cults. Speaight deals perfunctorily with this side of his subject, which clearly doesn't much interest him.

He makes mistakes with dates and with the names of people, places, and books. Thus E.R.C. Brinkworth's informative little book, *Shakespeare and the Bawdy Court of Stratford* (1972), is cited mysteriously as *New Light on the Life of Shakespeare,* which it undeniably provides, and dated 1975. Martin Droeshout, we are told, painted Shakespeare in 1609. The former was then eight years old; the portrait, which hangs in a gallery near the Memorial Theatre in Stratford, derives from the engraving that Droeshout furnished for the title-page (not the frontispiece) of the 1623 First Folio. Many good books are marred by similar slips, but there are too many of them to list here. Speaight might have caught some had he lived to see his book through the press.

He also neglected to keep up with the relevant scholarship. One example must suffice. Speaight respectfully reports A.L. Rowse's "discovery" of the identity of the Dark Lady of the *Sonnets.* She is one Emilia Lanier, described (according to Rowse) as "very brown in youth" in a contemporary diary, and married to a man named Will, who thus brings an added dimension to the puns on that word in the *Sonnets.* But Rowse misread the manuscript, where the key word is "brave," not "brown," and Emilia was married to Alfonso Lanier. Alfonso is not such a good word for puns. Rowse discreetly corrected the facts in his biography of Simon Forman, which Speaight missed.

Never mind. Speaight believed that the plays constituted Shakespeare's biography, and he devoted much the greater part of his space to them. Here he deploys 60 years of experience as a theatergoer. With warmth and graceful phrasing—this is a highly readable book—he guides readers unpatronizingly through the canon, giving a few pages or sometimes a short chapter to each work. Readers in this country will especially welcome the recollections of notable productions: Dorothy Tutin as Viola in *Twelfth Night,* dispensing with leading-lady glamor by making her first entry in a wig the worse for salt water, and doubtful whether she will make it ashore; Olivier, as Titus Andronicus, reading with "stabbing Shakespearean simplicity" the line, "When will this fearful slumber have an end?" (a dangerous sentiment to express in the theater); John Barton, in the 1961 production of *The Taming of the Shrew,* bringing out the "quintessential Englishry" of a comedy set in Padua.



Sir Godfrey Kneller After Chandos *(1689)* *Courtesy of the Folger Shakespeare Library*

There are insightful observations all through. "Lady Capulet is good for nothing better than to open the local flower show." Fluellen is the most vital character in *Henry V.* In the play-within-the-play in *Hamlet,* Claudius doesn't lose his cool—as he so often does on the stage—but simply calls for lights and exits; only Hamlet betrays agitation. Speaight justly observes that in 1 *Henry IV* Hotspur employs poetry as the vehicle for a primitive conception of honor. In the sequel play, Shallow's recollections of the days when he heard the chimes at midnight prompt Speaight to note how "insignificant proper names"—little John Doit of Staffordshire, Will Squele, and the rest—"give the incandescent particularity of poetry to Shakespeare's prose." The peculiar dramaturgy of *Much Ado about Nothing* calls for important developments to be overheard, or heard about, before being acted upon. In *Antony and Cleopatra* people like to take notes. Speaight might have added that in *Lear* the postal service works overtime.

Readers will inevitably disagree with some of what Speaight says. But the theatrical approach to Shakespeare is an extremely important one, and the author is so wise, and agreeably avuncular, a guide that his audience will return to the theater—whether in the two remaining Stratfords or New York or San Diego—with a renewed sense of the ever-fresh vitality of a prodigal body of dramatic writing. For that heightening of awareness Robert Speaight has earned the gratitude of all his readers; not for the first time, but now alas for the last.

S. Schoenbaum

S. Schoenbaum, Distinguished Professor of Renaissance Studies at the University of Maryland, is author of *Shakespeare's Lives* and *William Shakespeare: A Documentary Life,* both published by Oxford University Press.

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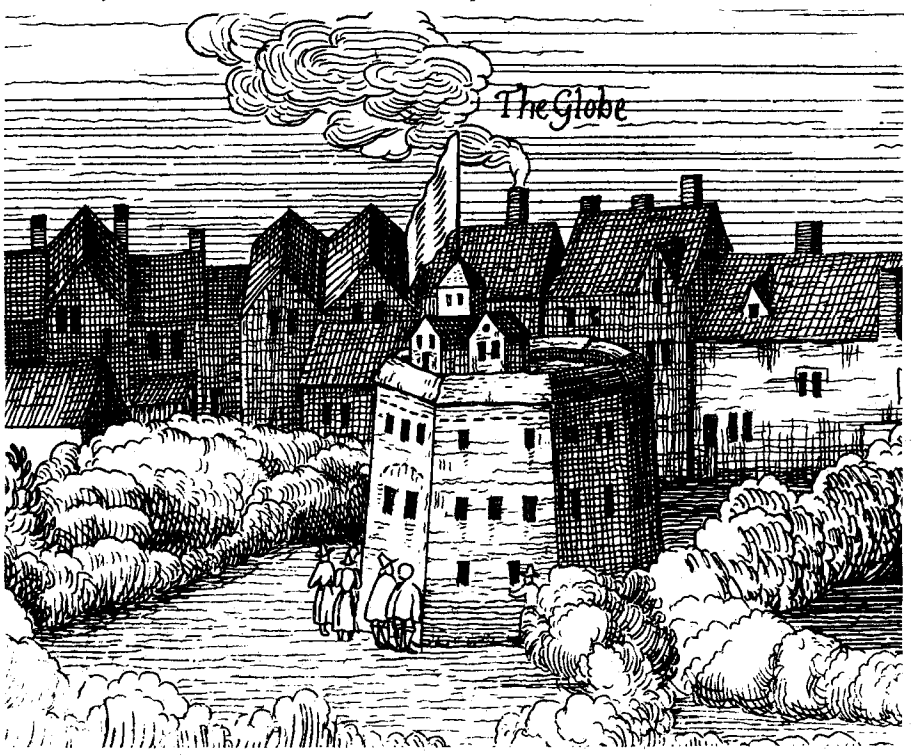
A Life in a Wooden O
by Ben Iden Payne

(Yale Univ. Press; $12.50)

"Stanislavsky," Robert Speaight once wrote, "is the last pedagogue of realism." Ben Iden Payne would have agreed with him. During a career in the theater that began with walk-on parts in Frank Benson's company in 1898 and ended with a production of *The Tempest* in Austin, Texas in 1969, Payne came to see theater as a form of religious experience. "Any theatrical performance," he says in *A Life in a Wooden O*, "partakes of the nature of a ritual. . . . Something mysterious happens. There is a strange sense of reciprocity between audience and actor and a feeling of community with all the other spectators."

Payne's life spans the most turbulent years in the history of English drama since the dissolution of the theaters in 1642. He worked in the touring companies that played the English provincial towns at the turn of the century. After a brief stint as director-manager at the Abbey theater in Ireland he formed England's first modern repertory company at the Gaiety Theatre in Manchester in order to present the "new drama" of Ibsen, Shaw and Galsworthy. For several years he was a successful Broadway director, working for such luminaries as the Shuberts, Alf Hayman and Ziegfeld. Broadway, however, was not his cup of tea. He found it intellectually timid and dominated by the star system. Eventually he abandoned commercial theater to teach at Carnegie Tech, the first American college to establish a department of theater. In 1935 he returned to England and managed the Memorial Theatre at Stratford for eight active but frustrating years. After the war he joined the faculty of the University of Texas where he remained until 1973. He died at the age of 95 in 1976. *A Life in a Wooden O*, which he describes (accurately) as "a somewhat haphazard memoir," was written when he was 88.

The most important event in Payne's life occurred in 1908. Payne wanted to introduce his Gaiety company with a spectacular and original Shakespeare production. The play would be a declaration of independence from the heavily doctored, turgid, star-dominated productions of the 19th century and for this purpose he turned to William Poel. Poel's interest in the Quarto and Folio texts, his radical theories of how Shakespeare's verse should be pronounced, and his experiments with a modified Elizabethan stage on which the plays could be presented without interruptions for changes of scenery had aroused considerable interest in English theater circles. No less a critic than George Bernard Shaw had written of Poel's early experiments, "From these simple recitals, without cuts, waits, or scenery and therefore without those departures from the conditions contemplated by the poet which are inevitable in a modern theater, I learn a good deal about the plays which I could learn in no other way. What is more I enjoy myself."



Vischer View of London *(1616)* *Courtesy of the Folger Shakespeare Library.*

Today the essentials of the theory of Shakespeare production which Payne learned from William Poel are truisms on both sides of the Atlantic. Such concepts as staging which encourages intimate audience-player contact, fluid action uninterrupted by changes of scenery, and fidelity to the original text are commonplace if not exactly gospel. Angus Bowmer, who founded the highly successful Shakespeare festival at Ashland, Oregon, derived his most important ideas about Shakespeare production from Payne and constructed an elaborate replica of the Globe stage to put them into practice. Tyrone Guthrie's modified Elizabethan stages in Minneapolis and at the Stratford, Ontario, festival also reflect Payne's ideas. The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon in England has a proscenium stage, but in 1976 this stage was remodeled as a two-tiered thrust stage with all of the essential features of the Globe except (mercifully) the two pillars that supported its roof. But Payne's theories reach beyond Shakespeare production. It is a fascinating testimonial to Shakespeare's continuing influence on contemporary drama that modern English and American playwrights regularly write in Payne's version of the Shakespearean manner, with emphasis on fluid action played against unit sets and on thrust or arena stages which bring the audience into close contact with the performers. As Peter Brook wrote in *The Empty Space*, "The act of performance is an act of sacrifice . . . . There is a similar relation between action and audience as there is between priest and worshipper."

The earliest English critic to call attention to the difference between Elizabethan and proscenium staging was probably Richard Flecknoe. In 1664, when the proscenium stage had triumphed unequivocally over the open stage, Flecknoe observed, "That which makes our Stage the better, makes our

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plays the worse, perhaps through striving now to make them more for sight than for hearing, whence that solid joy of the interior is lost." Thanks largely to William Poel and Ben Iden Payne, we have recovered a sense of "the solid joy of the interior" of both Shakespeare and contemporary drama. This comes close to being a liberation of the imagination from the pedagogues of realism.

O.B. Hardison, Jr.

O.B. Hardison, Jr. is director of the Folger Shakespeare Library.

Open Spaces: The Life of American Cities by August Heckscher with Phyllis Robinson

(Harper & Row; $20)

Experts, idiots, and sociologists keep telling us that the American city is dead, although they never tell us what to do with the remains. Watch Nero fiddle? Watch Moynihan neglect?

August Heckscher, an essayist, who was President Kennedy's art adviser and Mayor Lindsay's park commissioner, tells us that the American city is alive and greening. It is also more interesting, varied and individual than is supposed in the gloomy echo chambers of urbanistic institutes. Heckscher's view is more convincing because he has actually looked at the cities he reviews.

"Without disregarding the cities' troubles," Heckscher asks, "can we not consider their amenities?" Urban life and urban amenities, he asserts, are brought about by urban open space. It is not so much what happens in the buildings, but what happens in the spaces in between—the parks and parklets, the squares and small plazas, the avenues and streets—that determines the quality of a city. The open spaces bring forth pleasure, recreation, human encounters, communal celebration—in short the essence of city life.

Heckscher's keen-eyed meanderings through urban open space all across America lead to the perhaps surprising conclusion that "the 1960s and early 1970s witnessed striking achievements by both the private and public sector in shaping a more hospitable urban environment . . . . A new understanding of urban amenities is in the making."

The 150th anniversary, in 1972, of the birth of Frederick Law Olmsted was celebrated not only with general recognition of this remarkable American genius, but also with a new awareness of the importance to the whole urban system of what Olmsted called "the lungs of the city." Citizens and government are taking a fresh look at parks, greenways and waterfronts and are creating more squares and plazas everywhere. The historic preservation movement progressed from mere embalming of old buildings to reincarnating them with new uses, such as Ghirardelli Square in San Francisco. Entire neighborhoods and historic districts are being preserved and enhanced. A mushrooming of downtown cultural centers has provided opportunities (sadly missed by Washington's Kennedy Center) for true urban renewal, with new plazas and fountains, parks, bandshells, playgrounds, and ponds for flotillas of toy ships.

Urban design, an ancient art which had been threatened by the egocentricity of Modern architecture, has been rediscovered. Urban design is more than orchestrating immobile buildings with the movement of people. It is the art of creating livability—a setting for the casualness and variety that crystallizes community feeling. It means letting thousands of opportunities bloom—opportunities for street vendors and musicians; for artists, sidewalk and serious; for lovers on lawns and admirers of flower beds; for bicyclists who need safe paths; for youngsters who need accessible baseball fields; for boatmen who deserve clean waters.

Modern architects and city planners have forgotten or neglected these things because they do not fit in their stark abstractions. The clients, equipped with jet planes, long-distance phones and expense accounts, do not need them. But most of humanity does. Thus Modern elitist design leaves the majority uncared for. Affluence and social work do not suffice. We also need—and are beginning to evolve—a new architecture and urban design which is at once richer and more social minded than surrealist cubes and towers. We need an architecture and urban design that reconnects us with our past, that reestablishes the continuity of civilization.

Heckscher begins his book with a quick review of changing concepts of urban open space from Vasari to Venturi. Robert Venturi, the post-Modern urbanist, holds up the visual cacophony of the Las Vegas strip as the inevitable and "almost all right" expression of the American soul. Heckscher replies that the strip may indeed represent something valid in the American experience, as pornography and graffiti may represent something valid in art. But the strip is almost as wrong and as far out of all human scale as New York's World Trade Center or Chicago's new super-skyscrapers.

"Human scale" and other fashionable phrases are, however, relatively rare in Heckscher's lucid, well organized survey. He doesn't deal in theories, but shows us how spatial organization—the solids and voids, waterfronts, railroads, freeways, pavement and greenery—affect people. He is always specific. He is always vivid. He includes virtually every notable city in this country. Along this tour he gives us insights that will intrigue not only professionals but also people who have been intimidated by the professional jargon. This is a book anyone interested in his surroundings will enjoy and learn from.

It is also an important book, I believe—as important as Jane Jacobs's famous *Death and Life of Great American Cities*, published more than 15 years ago. Jacobs, in one well aimed blow, shattered the delusion that purely esthetic concerns could save the city. And even Le Corbusier's seemingly functional

Correction

The first page of the manuscript of *Porgy and Bess* (*TNR*, May 14) was reprinted with the permission of Ira Gershwin. We regret the omission in the credit line.

The editors

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"Radiant City," it turned out, was as much of an artists' conception as Burnham's "City Beautiful." Jacobs established the other extreme—of seeing the city only as a big human huddle. Heckscher's perspective on the interrelationship of urban form and urban funcation should help establish a common sensical balance. This is a splendid and heartening book.

Wolf Von Eckardt

Wolf Von Eckardt is most recently coauthor of *Bertolt Brecht's Berlin* (Anchor Press).

America in Our Time by Godfrey Hodgson

(Doubleday; $12.95)

Gates of Eden: American Culture in the Sixties by Morris Dickstein

(Basic Books; $11.95)

The sense is unmistakable that a period in our history has ended. It ended with the close of the Vietnam war, the disgrace and departure from national politics of Richard Nixon, and the accession of a Democratic President. It ended with the cooling out of the superheated political climate of the '60s, the exhaustion and encompassment of the adversary culture, and the disappearance of a whole set of preoccupations and antagonisms from American society. For the moment at least, we have lost the vocabulary of polarization—hawks and doves, the establishment and the counterculture, the system and the movement—that organized the passions of the last decade. During the '60s, politics and culture seemed to be congruent; the same lines of hostility divided both realms. In national politics foreign and domestic questions were coupled; opposition to the war was linked with support for change at home ("new priorities"). For many people, on both sides of the great American divide, the moral landscape was suddenly lit up with what seemed like dazzling clarity.

That world of sharp contrasts and oppositions has broken up. Today there is no certain relation among the various cultural and political divisions in the society. A particular view of American life or domestic policy does not necessarily indicate what someone thinks of Israel and the Mideast, or of detente and the Soviet Union. Problems at home and abroad have been decoupled. Old alignments and fixed associations have loosened up, opening the way for anomalous political figures, like Governor Jerry Brown, and for a compromise President with a government wide enough to accommodate people as disparate as James Schlesinger and Sam Brown. The new atmosphere has brought a relaxation of moral certainty. Fragmentation and doubt have replaced polarization and righteous anger.

This was an outcome hardly anyone could have predicted. The complacent hopes of the center during the '50s, the revolutionary hopes of the left in the ensuing decade, the vengeful hopes of the right in the years of Nixon and Agnew—none were fulfilled. No camp got what it wanted; this, in fact, is the basis of our current peace. Politically, there was no more than a stand-off, as each side met its own particular rebuke. The cold war liberals were humbled by Vietnam, the left was chastened by McGovern's defeat and its own isolation, the right was set back by Watergate. Hardly anyone in America can take deep satisfaction in the way events have gone in the last 15 years, but nearly all can at least take pleasure in their opponents' humiliation.

In *America in Our Time*, Godfrey Hodgson, an English correspondent long based in America, tells the story of that "time of lost hopes" between the coming to power of John F. Kennedy in 1960 and the reelection of Richard Nixon in 1972. But he begins with the emergence of the US from World War II as the most powerful and successful society in the world, with capitalism revitalized, to the surprise of some of its own exponents. America then stood at the summit of its power and the center of the world economy, producing half of the world's manufactures, 43 percent of its electricity, 62 percent of its oil, 80 percent of its cars. It was during this exceptional period of US predominance that the country took on its world-wide commitments. Then, too, says Hodgson, Americans adopted some grievous, stubborn illusions about their economy, their military power, their way of life, that would lead them to be burned in misadventures at home and abroad, until they were forced by reverses and upheavals to face up to the limits of their system and the deficiencies of the liberal ideology that had guided them.

The brilliance of Hodgson's work lies not so much in the boldness of its argument as in the thoroughness and intelligence with which it is developed. The book ranges over a wide territory—changes in population, social structure and the economy, ideas and public opinion, institutions like the media and the universities, as well as politics and social movements—with exceptional subtlety and good sense, if not always with the terseness that one has come to expect of British journalists. Still, the writing is lucid, quick and unostentatious, more akin to the "retrospective journalism" of Frederick Lewis Allen than to the more formal efforts of historians. But it is also intellectually ambitious, probably the most important general account yet written of America since World War II. Hodgson brings to the task an expansive vision, a first-rate command of work in a variety of fields (particularly the social sciences), a grasp of the complexities and paradoxes of American life, and a critical sympathy for his subject.

The ideology of the liberal consensus Hodgson sees as having encouraged two especially dangerous illusions. One was that "the inequalities and injustices of American society were residual, and could be abolished by the expenditure of resources on a scale that need not involve any hard choice between priorities." The second was that the US could use its military power around the world without suffering adverse consequences at home. The black struggle and the Vietnam war became the two points of vulnerability in the system that exposed its weakness. By the '70s the "illusion of omnipotence" was destroyed. "Americans," Hodgson writes, "had gone into the age of Kennedy and Nixon convinced that their government's action . . . could make over the world, at home and abroad. Now they had been burned. It was not just that they had learned how much harder it is to change the world than the elite they had listened to had told them. The lesson was more painful than that. They had learned that there was moral ambiguity where they had once thought

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that the issues of right and wrong were clearest; that their own motives were not above suspicion; and that there seemed little that political action could achieve, however idealistic its intentions, without evoking unforeseen and unwanted reaction."

Although Hodgson identifies the consensus responsible for the disastrous illusions of the postwar years as "liberal," he is rather imprecise as to what liberalism means, what its boundaries are. "The liberal ideology was more than the dogma of a faction or a school," he observes. "It was the operational creed of a great nation at the height of its confidence and power." But in this broad sense, the ideology persists; liberalism is still the operational creed of American institutions. No alternative world-view threatens to replace it; reports of its death have been greatly exaggerated. America has moved neither to the left nor right of liberalism; indeed, what is striking is how stable governing principles and institutions have remained despite the turmoil of the last decade. Adjustments there have been, but nothing more. The nation is learning to use its power more soberly and to husband its resources, but this is only an accommodation to practical necessity. It does not presage any fundamental change in political belief. What Hodgson is talking about is a change in temper and mood, not in ideology. Liberalism, in point of fact, has not always been an optimistic doctrine. Traditionally it has offered a tragic view of life and history; none of the new emphasis on limits is deeply alien to its character.

At times, Hodgson seems to urge that the difficulties the US encountered were produced by the weakness of a genuine political left, which he defines as "any broad, organized political force holding as a principle the need for far-reaching social and institutional change and consistently upholding the interests of the disadvantaged against the most powerful groups in the society." Such a force liberalism never was. In the absence of a left, Hodgson says, liberals moved to the right and led the country into its misfortunes. But he has little sympathy for radicalism as it developed in America in the '60s, nor does he expect the left to make headway in the future. At the very close of the book he envisions a new American consensus "built on the ruins of illusion," but this is very shadowy and seems to involve not much more than an acceptance of limited resources—a point with which

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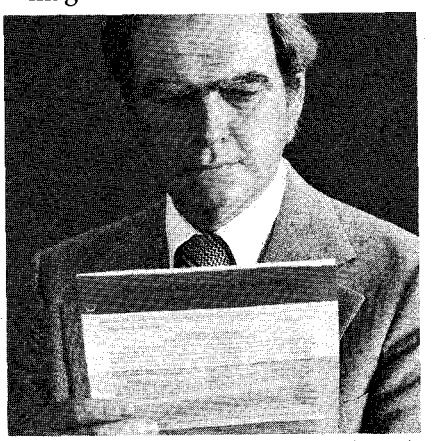

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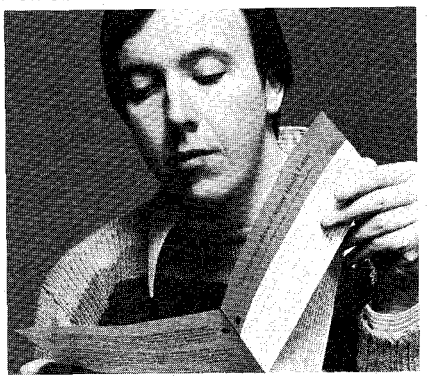

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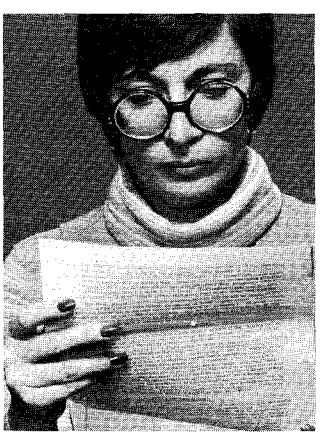

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most liberals now would not take issue.

If, for Godfrey Hodgson, the history of the '60s is one of chastened expectations and the collapse of the liberal consensus, for Morris Dickstein it is one of cultural release and political engagement. In *Gates of Eden* he sees the period as a time when people attempted to translate "the Edenic impulse once again into political terms" and to combine "the quest for social justice with the search for personal authenticity."

Gates of Eden does not pretend to be a general survey. It is, as Dickstein says, a hybrid of literary criticism and cultural history, with some interwoven autobiographical reflections. Although there are chapters on rock music and journalism, as well as discussions of social criticism and politics, the main concern is literature, primarily the novel. One will have to look elsewhere for an assessment of film, painting, social and religious thought, as well as most popular culture. Here Allen Ginsberg, Mailer, Roth, Heller, Vonnegut, and Baldwin occupy center stage. In defense of his method—he is aware that the novel can hardly be considered the cultural centerpiece it once was—Dickstein argues that the culture of the arts illuminates the culture as a whole. But he does not give as much sense of the variousness of American life as, for example, one finds in Hodgson's work.

A radical contrast between the 1950s and '60s—a shift from political caution to political enthusiasm, from constriction to release of vitality, from inwardness and self-absorption to engagement and self-display—functions as the ruling dialectic of Dickstein's book. While in the '50s politics were characterized by the "narrow range of permissible debate," in the '60s they opened up and became a matter of intense moral concern. By the end of *Gates of Eden*, the two decades seem to symbolize for Dickstein two sides of his own personality—the '50s more reticent and restrained, the '60s more fervent and uninhibited.

While Dickstein's judgment of the culture and politics of the '50s is generally harsh, it is more complex than Hilton Kramer recently made it out to be in a vituperative attack ("Trashing the '50s") in the *New York Times Book Review*. Dickstein sees the culture of the period not as having been bland and corrupt as Kramer suggests, but as having withdrawn from politics into abstract moral issues and personal concerns. It was, in some ways, more congenial to complex reflection. In the Jewish novel of the '50s, Dickstein finds the "wider currents of the age: ruminative, private, morally austere and self-conscious, apolitical." The watchwords of criticism were irony, paradox and ambiguity. But this sensibility seemed increasingly remote from reality in the '60s, when, as Dickstein remarks, his generation was "ready for paradox and ambiguity of every sort but unprepared for a world that was getting more black-and-white every day."

In one particularly telling remark, Godfrey Hodgson captures the complex mixture of conservatism and desire for innovation and reform that characterized Americans at the beginning of the 1960s: "People wanted change; they did not want to be changed." Later he observes that Americans discovered they could not change the world, abroad and at home, without being changed themselves in the process. He refers mainly to the consequences of fighting the Vietnam war and attempting to eradicate poverty and injustice, but the point goes deeper. The movements of the '60s came home in their impact on private life and experience. What remains from the period are changes not primarily in economic and political institutions, but in the way people think and act toward each other: the relations between men and women (and between masculinity and femininity), of blacks to other Americans and to themselves. The impulses and aspirations of the '60s did not simply disappear; for many people, they have become intense personal struggles to realize in their everyday lives the values and ideals they began to develop in the political and cultural upheavals of the '60s. The spirit of that time is—at least for some of us—still alive and urgent, and it has altered our lives in painful and necessary ways.

Paul Starr

Paul Starr is a member of the Society of Fellows at Harvard.

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by David Durk and Ira Silverman

(Harper & Row; $8.95)

Those who believe that there is anything at all predictable in human nature have suffered a terrible defeat with the publication of this book. People who know David Durk would have thought it dead certain that he would never, ever get organized enough, sit down long enough to write a book. Now, either he has done it or his co-author, Ira Silverman, has made him do it (we'll never know which, because, true to form this time, Durk and his co-author aren't speaking).

Lt. David Durk of the New York City Police Department is the Ralph Nader of American law enforcement. He is the prickliest, most difficult, most unmanageable cop ever sworn in. Durk is always grumbling, more or less loudly, about some injustice or another—corrupt politicians, corrupt businessmen, corrupt cops, and superiors who won't let him investigate the above. When someone independent has had a look at the facts, an astounding percentage of the wrongs Durk grumbles about have turned out to be real.

Durk has been in the news two or three times. In 1970, the Justice Department gave him a grant to go around to colleges preaching the then-preposterous notion that college graduates should consider becoming policemen (Durk is an Amherst graduate). He appeared at all the Berkeleys at a time when the policeman represented everything an alumnus of all the Berkeleys was supposed to hate. Improbably, he took away hundreds of applications for police jobs.

Even then he was grumbling about corruption in his own department. Later, he and a detective named Frank Serpico were instrumental in planting in the *New York Times* the information which led to the appointment of the Knapp Commission on police corruption. Serpico and Durk planned to co-author a book about what happened—Paul Newman and Robert Redford were said to be interested in playing them. But the two policemen had a violent argument as they tried to retell the story to their prospective editor. Inevitably, it was Serpico who was organized enough

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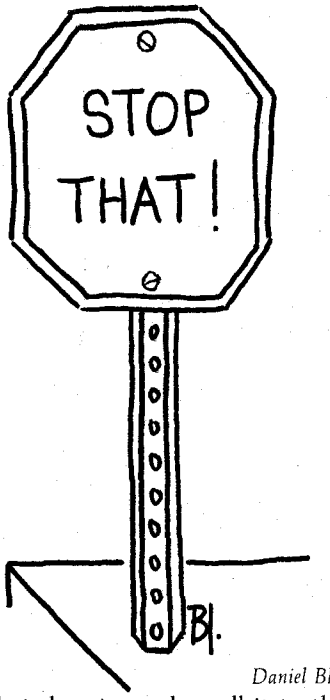
to get a co-author, write the book, and become famous (inevitably, because no one could be less organized in such things than Durk). Durk is portrayed in the movie *Serpico* as an Ivy League simp who tries and fails to bring police corruption to light by using his big-time connections. Durk and Serpico haven't spoken for years.

Durk grumbled on. He is as unpopular within the department as Serpico would have been had he stayed on. A year and change from a pension, he is assigned to remote corners of Brooklyn and Staten Island.

The Pleasant Avenue Connection is a two-and-a-half-hour tour through David Durk country, and there's not a trip around better worth taking. It starts with a hero—an Italian printer who hates the Mafia hoods his son wants to work for. The hero hates the hoods so much that he talks to Durk about the heroin-selling ring they are running.

Two years later, nothing has happened. Top official after top police official has been told that Durk has an informant who can deliver major drug dealers, and no one acts. Platoon after platoon of corrupt cops and lackadaisical bosses parade through these pages and there are endless digressions and diversions. In the end, as sometimes happens when Durk is around, the loose ends tie together and the bad guys come crashing down in a most satisfying finale. The pace and the crowd of characters have much in common with the Lexington Avenue Express at rush hour, but the ride is much more enjoyable than that. The dialogue is letter perfect (as it should be—much of it seems to come from tapes). The detail, tying criminal life and police life, is simply unbelievable.

The Pleasant Avenue Connection ought to establish once and for all how important police corruption is, and how terrible the consequences can be for a city. We aren't dealing here with the cop who takes a cup of coffee, but with policemen who sell guns to criminals. Other policemen beat up heroin dealers,



Daniel Bloom

take their heroin, and resell it to their dealers. When Durk first met his printer-informant, he took his information to a crack police squad that was supposed to be investigating major narcotics violators. After a while, he wondered why nothing was happening. At the time the book was written, 43 of the 60 men who had been in the drug unit at the time Durk first took his information there were in jail or under indictment.

Donald E. Graham

Donald E. Graham, general manager of the *Washington Post*, was a patrolman in the Washington, DC police department in 1969-1970.

The Grand Strategy of the Roman Empire by Edward N. Luttwak

(Johns Hopkins; $12.95)

The miraculous growth of the Roman Empire has fired the imagination of historians for 2000 years, and almost every generation has produced new answers to the old question: How did a small and insignificant city state on the banks of the Tiber expand into an empire which controlled the territory between the Atlantic Ocean and the Euphrates, between the Rhine, the Danube and the Carpathians in the north to the Sahara in the south? How did Rome succeed where civilized Athens so utterly failed? Polybius was puzzled by the problem in the second century BC, dedicated 40 books to the question and endeavored to convince his readers that Rome's strength was to be sought in her mixed constitution, a harmonious mixture of monarchy, aristocracy and democracy. Polybius's theory encountered much skepticism. A cynical Tacitus derided his interpretation with a biting remark: "a constitution selected and blended by these types is easier to commend than to create, or if created its tenure of life is brief."

Other solutions had to be produced. Without using the term "national character" the ancients felt that there was a basic difference between Greeks and Romans. Greeks could shape the breathing bronze with softer lines, knew how to coax living faces from marble, to plead causes with more skill, plot the movements in the sky and tell the rising of the constellations: The Romans, however, were made to rule others. "Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento" sang Vergil: "Remember, O Roman, to rule the nations by your authority, for this is to be your skill: to crown peace with law, to shew mercy to the conquered and to wage war until the haughty are brought low."

In the words of a modern historian: "The Roman was as practical, prosaic, prudent and realistic as the Greek was unfettered, mobile, inventive, speculative and idealistic in spirit. . . . The Roman had a feeling of discipline, and a taste for order. He was intellectually timid, but bold and aggressive in the conduct of life. He lacked imagination but was endowed with a remarkable strength of mind."

Endless interpretations have been suggested to make Roman imperialism more palpable. The "Herrenvolk" theory has been abandoned, but many others still prevail. Some believe in a master plan to conquer the world—others deny it altogether and stress the "groping, stumbling and accidental" character of Roman expansion. Some speak of a "defensive imperialism" and a series of preventive wars, others stress the Roman upper classes' lust for glory and material greed. Most arguments focus upon the period from the Punic wars (264 BC) to the battle of Actium (31 BC). From the days of Augustus and onwards new territorial acquisitions were rare, Rome's needs seemed saturated; the Princeps even ordained in his will the empire to be restricted in its present boundaries. Imperial foreign policy appeared boring and Tacitus envied republican historians who dealt with gigantic wars, the storming of cities and the subjection of kings. He deplored the fact that it was his business to describe

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an age of peace unbroken or half-heartedly challenged and hardy approved of a prince uninterested in extending the empire.

Modern historians have been mainly interested in the social and economic history of the Roman empire, its provincial administration and its religious and intellectual history. Strategy and foreign policy were rarely in the limelight. It is precisely to this field that Edward N. Luttwak has now made a major contribution. He has produced a fascinating book, well written and forcefully argued, on the grand strategy of the Roman Empire from the first century AD to the third.

Luttwak appends a useful bibliography of modern works for the general reader, and 31 pages of zealously typed footnotes to prove that the author has grappled with original sources as well as with modern literature. His task was rather complicated. There was no ministry of foreign affairs in the Roman Empire—and no archive from antiquity concerning formulations of foreign policy has survived. Diehard classicists may remain skeptical, may doubt the existence of a grand strategy at all and raise their eyebrows whenever Luttwak uses a jargon more familiar to people working in institutes for modern strategic studies than to scholars accustomed to learned journals in classical philology. Those who have difficulty understanding Luttwak's terminology in phrases like "the input and output of the system are finally equated" should start reading the book with his appendix on power and force: "definitions and implications." But no classicist will find it easy to contradict Luttwak's basic assumption that the Romans had no need of a Clausewitz to subject their military energies to the discipline of political goals, and that without the knowledge of "systems analysis" they were capable of designing a large and complex security system. "Whether by intellect or traditional intuition, the Romans understood all the subtleties of deterrence and also its limitations." Above all, the Romans clearly realized that the dominant dimension of power was not physical but psychological, the product of other's perceptions of Roman strength rather than the use of this strength. It is precisely this idea which makes the reading of the book so attractive, and even if professional Roman historians (who have read the same sources time and again) will mutter "déjà vu" they will have to admit that Luttwak's formulations are as refreshing as they are convincing. His first chapter deals with the Julio-Claudians (14-68 AD), the second with defense policies of the Flavians to the Severi (70-235 AD), the last, with the crisis of the third century and the new strategies. His innovation is the use of the term "system" in which he integrates diplomacy, military forces, road networks and fortifications to serve a common objective.

Each system was intended to satisfy a distinct set of priorities, themselves the reflection of changing conception of empire, hegemonic expansionism for the first system, territorial security for the second, and finally, in diminished circumstances, sheer survival for the imperial power itself. Each system was based on a different combination of diplomacy, direct force and fixed infrastructures, and each entailed different operational methods, but more fundamentally, each system reflected a different Roman world view and self image.

These few remarks may suffice to depict Luttwak's general approach to the problem.

In AD 23 the 25 Roman legions were deployed as follows: eight were stationed along the Rhine, three in Spain, two in Africa, two in Egypt, four in Syria, two in Pannonia and two in Dalmatia. The present reviewer was always stunned by the fact that these legions and the auxiliary troops were distributed to form a thin perimeter, and accepted the criticisms which stressed the lack of strategic reserve held uncommitted in the deep rear. Luttwak argues convincingly that the impression of a perimeter deployment is misleading. First of all, the legions served needs of internal rather than external security. Secondly, it is the absence of a perimeter of defense that is the key to the entire system of Roman imperial security of this perod. There were neither border defenses nor local forces to guard imperial territories against the low intensity threats of petty infiltrations. Protection was provided by indirect and non-military means.

Luttwak is at his best depicting the role of client states and colonies in the defense of the Roman empire. He concludes that the defense strategy of the empire had to cope with two kinds of danger: "endemic" threats, which were more or less stable in intensity over prolonged periods of time (such as the German menace); and "sporadic" threats which were inherently unpredictable (such as native revolts). It would therefore have been wasteful to retain substantial forces in a central strategic reserve. "Where the threat was endemic and stable it was not the availability of a reserve that was needed, but permanently deployed forces; where the threat was sporadic and unpredictable, reserves could hardly ever hope to arrive on the scene in good time. Roman forces could only march 3 miles per hour, this meant that a strategic reserve could not make a great deal of difference, and the Roman response could rarely be rapid enough to reinforce a sector while it was still successfully containing enemy attacks."

A second interesting point raised by Luttwak is the cultural difference between east and west and the impact of this difference on Rome's strategic thinking.

The client rulers of the east and their subjects were sufficiently sophisticated to understand in the abstract the full potential of Roman military power—hence Roman security ensured in the east by a few mediocre legions, powerfully supplemented by the obedience of clients aware of the much greater potential of Roman forces elsewhere. The situation in the west was completely different. Germans and Dacians had to see Roman power with their own eyes. This distinction is basic in Luttwak's opinion. "For power born of potential force is not expended when used, nor is it a finite quantity. Force on the other hand is just that: if directed to one purpose it cannot simultaneously be directed at another, and if used, it is ipso facto consumed."

Zeitgeist is certainly at work in Luttwak's book and it is to be doubted whether a book of this kind could have been written in an age in which deterrent policies were not a major factor. The author does not hide his preconceived ideas and admits frankly in his introduction that the fundamentals of strategy in the imperial age were rooted not in a technology now obsolete, but in a predicament that we ourselves share.

A Chinese scholar who would like to analyze Roman strategy could easily prove that the Romans behaved according to the principles laid down by a Chinese sage: "To subdue the enemy without fighting is the acme of skill. This which is of extreme importance in war is to attack the enemy's strategy. Next best is to disrupt his alliances. The next best is to attack his army." Tiberius

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Caesar never read Sun-Tzu, but a careful scrutiny of Roman sources will easily provide a series of Latin quotations to prove this point.

Two minor criticisms should be mentioned. Ancient historians not familiar with Luttwak's excellent publications in modern strategic problems will easily detect that his grand strategy of the Roman Empire was written in a hurry—and poorly edited. Some tedious repetitions could have easily been avoided.

Another point is more serious. On the first page Luttwak states: "Had the strength of the Roman Empire derived from a tactical superiority on the battlefield, there would be little to explain, though much to describe. But this was not so." Yet, on page 42 we read: "the combination of the legionary infantry combat engineers with the cavalry, light infantry and missile troops of the auxilia gave the Romans tactical superiority (sic) in most terrains and against most enemies . . . ." How could these two statements be reconciled?

Even if classical philologists will disagree with Luttwak and point out errors of detail here and there, they will have to agree with I. F. Gilliam (who has written the Foreword) that Luttwak has done for Roman historians what they have not done for themselves. For this alone the author should be congratulated.

Z. Yavetz

Z. Yavetz is professor of ancient history at Tel Aviv University and author of several books on Roman politics and history.

Souvenirs and Prophecies: The Young Wallace Stevens by Holly Stevens

(Knopf; $12.50)

Holly Stevens's *Souvenirs and Prophecies* gives us far more than we have known until now of her father's early years. These were the years in Reading, at Harvard, and after Harvard in New York, first as a not too successful journalist, and then as lawyer and young husband. *Souvenirs and Prophecies* takes Stevens up to 1914, when he was nearly 35 years old. He was then about to move to Hartford and also about to make the leap from the juvenilia to the first great poems, those published in 1915: "Sunday Morning," "Peter Quince at the Clavier," and others.

The book consists largely of the text of Wallace Stevens's early journals. This is interspersed with factual commentary on the conditions of Stevens's life during these years: where he lived in Cambridge and New York, what he read, what courses he took at Harvard, what friends he had and so on. Her book also proposes correlations between the early notebooks and Stevens's mature work. She repeatedly matches passage for passage from early and late Stevens. If the book has a thesis it is a tactfully made argument for the continuity of Stevens young and old—continuity in theme, in images, and even in phrasing.

The interest of *Souvenirs and Prophecies* is partly anecdotal. If one admires (that is hardly the word) Wallace Stevens's poetry, every scrap of information about Stevens the man is of interest. It is nice to know that the author of "Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction" was once a somewhat mawkish, sentimental, moody, shy, socially awkward young man. This young man wrote indubitably bad verses ("Some of one's early things give one the creeps," he wrote in 1950). He earnestly exhorted himself to work hard and to rise in the world. He sometimes smoked too many cigars and drank too much, made resolutions about not drinking and smoking and then broke them, recording the breakings with defiant verve in his journal, as in this entry for July 26, 1903, written soon after Stevens graduated from New York Law School and took up his clerkship in W. G. Peckham's office:

> *I've just been reading my journal. A month or two ago I was looking forward to a cigarless, punchless weary life.* En effet, *since then I have smoked Villar y Villars & Cazadores, dined at Mouquin's on French artichokes & new corn etc. with a flood of drinks from creme de cassis melée, through Burgundy, Chablis etc. to sloe gin with Mexican cigars & French cigaroots. I have lunched daily on—Heaven's knows what not (I recall a delicious calf's heart cooked whole & served with peas—pig that I am) . . . .*

The Stevens who emerges from these early journals is on the whole an engaging youth. He is calculated to encourage later youths to write more bad verses in the hope that these may be, as Stevens's were, the prelude to greatness. But "hang it," as Stevens says of the Frenchman who called the Canadian Rockies low, one wants more. Most readers will search out *Souvenirs and Prophecies* for clues to the meanings and sources of Stevens's mature poetry. We want to know where the poetry comes from and how to read it. Even in the light of the best secondary studies the major poems remain to a considerable degree opaque. They speak with indubitable authority and power. They have the accent of greatness. Nevertheless, they resist reasoned analysis. The most powerful attraction of *Souvenirs and Prophecies* is the reader's hope that he may get some help in dissolving this opacity. This is the lure of explanation by origins, the *post hoc ergo propter hoc*. Somehow where Stevens began must be capable of explaining where he went.

To a considerable degree the reader's hope is satisfied. *Souvenirs and Prophecies* shows that the young Stevens was already absorbed by the turn of the seasons. The circuits of the sun and moon fascinated him. Already he saw the sun as a king: "The day of the sun is like the day of a king. It is a promenade in the morning, a sitting on the throne at noon, a pageant in the evening" (April 20, 1904). Clouds, stars, flowers, birds, the whole panoply of colors ("God! What a thing blue is!" he wrote on April 18, 1904), that abiding double fantasy of a green mountain range on the one hand, and "a warm sea booming on a tropical coast" on the other—all these are already present in the early journals. Also there already are the vague outlines of Stevens's particular version of the ancient Occidental metaphysical system of concepts involving the presence of the present and the fleeting revelation of being in the vanishing of the instant. This conceptual system is associated always in Stevens, as in the

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Western tradition generally, with the rising and setting of the sun. The reader will find evidence in Stevens's journals of his early interest in the tradition of the maxim: La Rochefoucauld, Pascal, Leopardi, "Schopenhauer's psychological observations," etc. This interest flowered in the *Adagia* and in the aphoristic discontinuities so important in the poetry. Support would also be found in *Souvenirs and Prophecies* for a demonstration of Stevens's complex relation to the romantic tradition. He read Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Emerson, Whitman, Sanatayana, but also Nerval, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Leopardi.

All these relations between the Stevens of the early journals and poems and the Stevens of the great later poetry would support explanations by genetic cause. Nevertheless, the authentic voice of Stevens as a poet is not touched by such explanations. That voice is something unpredictable, savage, violent, without cause, irrational, as he always knew genuine poetry must be. It is both a voice and a way of writing. It is something continuous, a murmuring or muttering, sometimes a sing-song rhyme or a stammering alliteration. Continuously present, it is nevertheless a principle of discontinuity. It forbids explication by sources. It breaks both into the formal order of thought and into the formal order of shapely poetry. This voice appears intermittently and faintly even in these early journals and poems, as in the passage about the calf's heart quoted above. Of course it is much more evident in the poetry beginning with *Harmonium* and after, as in "Bantams in Pine-Woods": "Chieftain Iffucan of Azcan in caftan/Of tan with henna hackles, halt!" or in "The Man with the Blue Guitar": "To strike his living hi and ho,/To tick it, tock it, turn it true,/To bank it from a savage blue,/Jangling the metal of the strings . . . ," or in "Montrachet-le-Jardin": "O bright, O bright,/The chick, the chidder-barn and grassy chives/And great moon, cricket-impresario,/And, hoy, the impopulous purple-plated past,/Hoy, hoy, the blue bulls kneeling down to rest./Chome! clicks the clock . . . ," or in "The Owl in the Sarcophagus": "She that in the syllable between life/And death cries quickly, in a flash of voice,/Keep you, keep you, I am gone, oh keep you as/My memory, is the mother of us all."

David Schorr

The intrusion of this doubling voice is figured in Stevens, among other ways, by the constant presence, just below the level of rational thinking, of the guitarist with his interminable strumming ("Nothing about him ever stayed the same,/Except the hidalgo and his eye and tune."), or it is figured in that other sail of Ulysses, doubling the first one, and "alive with an enigma's flittering." The presence of this "enigma"—in the words and yet not directly named by the words—forbids any understanding of Stevens's poetry by way of origins in his family, or in his reading, or in the "Western tradition," or in "Occidental metaphysics," or in the landscapes of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Connecticut, or even in some intrinsic irrational property of language. In the end, the greatest value of *Souvenirs and Prophecies* is that now and then the early writing shows the first flitterings of this groundless enigma.

J. Hillis Miller

J. Hillis Miller, professor of English at Yale, is the author of *Thomas Hardy: The Distance and Desire* (Harvard).

Brief Reviews

Winston S. Churchill: The Prophet of Truth, 1922-1939—Vol. 5 by Martin Gilbert

(Houghton Mifflin; $30)

If Churchill had died in 1939 he would be remembered as a brilliant failure, a dazzling rogue elephant who never quite fulfilled the promise of his early years and the expectations of his middle years. Indeed, a decade ago Robert Rhodes James wrote an account of his career down to that year subtitled *A Study in Failure*: what would we think of him today if we had only his pre-war career to consider? We would have a great deal to say, or at any rate a great deal to consider, because the inter-war period, so long regarded as his sojourn in the wilderness, was in fact fruitful and creative, both a culmination of his early political life and the preparation for the war years.

It cannot be said that Churchill's five-year tenure as Chancellor of the Exchequer did much for his reputation; he is as culpable as any '20s statesman for the financial disaster of 1931. He may well have thought, as he was left out of successive national governments in the '30s, that he was finished politically; but he had believed himself finished after Gallipoli, too, and he bounced back successfully. Might he have thought the chance would come again as Europe moved inexorably toward war? He carefully laid the groundwork as England's Cassandra, and when Neville Chamberlain fell in the spring of 1940 there was really no one else to turn to.

He spent his years out of office wisely: writing the life of his ancestor the Duke of Marlborough, agitating for preparedness in the face of Hitler, decrying the excesses of Bolshevism, warning (accurately as it turned out) of the tragic consequences of Indian independence.

This is the fifth volume of Martin Gilbert's continuation of Randolph Churchill's planned Life. By its massive thoroughness it will inevitably stand as authoritative for some time to come, perhaps all time. But occasionally such massiveness stands in the way of illumination, and the reader must search diligently among the boulders and girders for the spark of personality.

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Anthony Eden
by Sidney Aster

(St. Martin's; $8.95)

When Anthony Eden died last winter editorialists spoke as though the Suez crisis was the beginning and end of his career. Unfortunately, it *was* the end—ill health forced him out of office three months later—but it was scarcely the beginning, and his obituary notices serve to remind us that contemporary chroniclers all too often miss the forest for the trees.

Eden was, in fact, a symbolic figure of Britain in the 20th century. He left Eton for the trenches and, entering the House of Commons in 1924 after taking his degree at Oxford, came to symbolize that ill-fated generation that had sacrificed so much in 1914-18 for so little reward. Specializing in foreign affairs he soon became a familiar figure in Geneva, reposing in the League of Nations that measure of tragic hope that consumed so many inter-war European politicians: Stresemann, Briand, Lord Robert Cecil, Sir Austen Chamberlain—all, or most, destined to see their meager wishes crushed underfoot by a renascent Germany.

To his credit, Eden saw early what Hitler was about, and as Foreign Secretary after 1935 was the only significant officeholder in the Churchillian rump that devoted itself to warning against the perils of complacency. His resignation from Chamberlain's government in 1938 was not so selfless an act as it was made out to be at the time. Theirs was more a jurisdictional dispute, as Chamberlain was similarly interested in foreign affairs and did not alway see fit to include Eden in his personal diplomacy.

What made Eden's fall in 1957 so spectacular was that it came so suddenly at the end of two decades of remarkable achievement. He was Churchill's deputy during the war, Tory spokesman on foreign affairs during the Atlee government, and Foreign Secretary and, in practice, assistant Prime Minister until Churchill's retirement in 1955. (It may even be said that Churchill's stroke in 1953 rendered him sufficiently incapacitated that Eden was really Prime Minister for the two years before he in fact held the office.) Americans would do well to study Eden's proposals at Geneva in 1954 for an Indochinese settlement that Dulles rejected out of hand, proposals that he revived and modernized in 1966 and were rejected anew by the Johnson administration, who, of course, knew better.

This book is part of a series on the Prime Ministers under the general editorship of A. J. P. Taylor who, in his Introduction, offers in capsule form the conventional view of Eden's career. In this he is joined by the author, and about them both I am not so sure. Suez may have been a humiliation, but at least Eden was one politician who knew a tyrant when he saw one.

Friends, Enemies and Sovereigns
by John Wheeler-Bennett

(St. Martin's; $8.95)

With Cyril Connolly, so it was said last year, went the last of the men of letters. With the late Sir John Wheeler-Bennett, I am sad to say, the gentleman-historian may have disappeared from the planet. Wealthy, largely self-educated, uninhibited by academic restraints and requirements, motivated only by his curiosity and enormous resources of scholarship and ingenuity, Wheeler-Bennett has left some of the monuments of modern historical writing.

In three slim, chatty volumes he wrote his memoirs—this is the last—in which he entertainingly discussed his methods, described the experiences and interviews that informed his work and, incidentally, brought to life through his monocled eye a world now largely gone. Resident in Germany in the '20s and '30s he acquired a remarkable series of acquaintances and so found himself, some years later, prepared to write *The Nemesis of Power*, probably the only book on the German army assisted by personal visits with Generals von Seekt, von Schleicher, and the rest. His efforts, indeed, led to his inclusion on the death list during the 1934 purge which he only just escaped. An interest in *The Forgotten Peace* (Brest-Litovsk) brought him to Trotsky and Karl Radek, in Munich to Jan Masaryk, in Hindenburg to the exiled Kaiser Wilhelm, and so on. His recounting of his searches and conquests is urbane, entertaining, revealing and altogether unlike the memoirs of nearly any scholar similarly inclined.

He also relates a curious and tantalizing story. In Nuremberg after the war he and some British officials were presented with three large boxes by a puzzled American soldier. Inspection revealed them to be the caskets of Frederick the Great, Hindenburg and his wife—all exhumed and carried west by German officials fearful of Russian defilement. Wheeler-Bennett happily relates that the remains were laid to rest in suitable places soon thereafter, but one wonders about one thing he never reveals: did it occur to him to take a peek and see how the old boys were getting along? Enough of this goulishness: this is a delightful book.

Stonewall
by Richard Ben-Veniste and George Frampton

(Simon & Schuster; $11.95)

When Richard Ben-Veniste first arrived in Washington to take his place among the Watergate prosecutors, he was quoted in the newspapers to the effect that, as a native New Yorker, he could not but suffer to be here, this cultural backwater, and once he had made his indelible mark on history, would return with relief to Manhattan. Well, the flypaper effect seems to have afflicted him, as it does so many others, and here he remains, practicing law, falling deeper and deeper into the seductive clutches of the capital, and ruminating about his experience.

How much longer will Watergate provide grist for the mills of our second-rate philosophers, permit vacuities like Ben-Veniste to inflict their memories of St. Crispin's Day upon a word-weary public? Who was Fred LaRue, and what matter? Our peculiar national genius for beating unworthy subjects to death has found a bottomless sieve in Richard Nixon and his troubles, and there is no end in sight. When one White House steward lurches forth with a salacious story, he is soon followed by a lawyer armed with briefs, or a reporter cursed by conscience and a notebook filled to

By Force of Will

THE LIFE AND ART OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY

by Scott Donaldson

"Dismantles Hemingway's life and work, sentence by sentence and marriage by marriage." —*The New York Times*

"Highly original and interesting." —*Panorama / Chicago Daily News*

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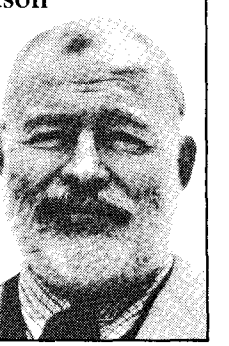

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overflowing.

The subject cries out for a Mencken, or, better yet, a historian with style. It may even be true that it won't be treated with the right perspective for many years to come. In the meantime, its participants march before us, ignorant armies clashing by night, persuaded—in the fashion so characteristic of the simple-minded—that the great event of their life is the great event of our life. Toynbee once remarked that the value of a classical education is that it prevents us from over-estimating the significance of contemporary events. Richard Ben-Veniste and George Frampton, tactically legalistic to the core, are woefully out of their depth. How much more honorable their place would have been had they been content to let events speak for themselves.

as a right-of-center US senator currying the favor of Lyndon Johnson, then as a bedazzled courtier permitted to sup at the table of Bobby Kennedy, then as a tough no-nonsense politico garnering the 1968 nomination for Hubert Humphrey, and then—and then, well, that's where the film's dramatic appeal lies.

Harris was clearly in a dilemma after 1968. Still ambitious and full of strategies to galvanize the public once the leadership of the Democratic party had fallen on its face, he was at the same time mystified and attracted by the social disorder and new ideology of the late '60s. He concocted what must stand as a classical political compromise: The New Populism, a spellbinding combination of affirmative action, Naderism, youthophilia, elitist-baiting and good old fashioned legislative know-how that, clothed in more palatable form, became standard Democratic dogma in the '70s and is still, alas, with us today.

Fred, however, was left behind. He wrongly supposed that the gradual adoption of his views suggested an acceptance of himself as the inheritor of the mantle of leadership, or, to put it in Nixonian terms, the man and the moment came together. But it was not to be. While Jimmy Carter pulled it off, Fred was left to spend 1976 driving his camper around the nation, a caricature of populism, an image of decline as vivid as Professor Raat of *The Blue Angel*, if less violent than the Rector of Stiffkey.

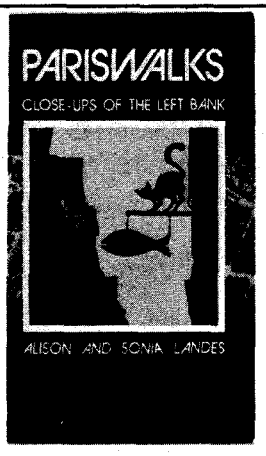
Philip Terzian

Potomac Fever
by Fred Harris

(Norton; $8.95)

If Hollywood had any imagination, it would buy the rights for this book of Fred Harris's memoirs and film it as a political *Pilgrim's Progress* of the past two decades. Except, of course, it would require a script writer with more humor than Bunyan to bring the tale off, because Fred Harris's career has not only been instructive, but funny.

Starting as an upright and ambitious Oklahoma state senator, he has adapted to his political surroundings like the chameleon of his native Southwest, first



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The Back of the Book

At the Circus Go West

Love flies out the door when money comes innuendo.
Monkey Business

In Santa Monica, California, Supreme Court Justice Edward Rafeedie has been hearing the contest of Erin Fleming *vs.* Arthur Marx, who wanted Fleming removed as his father's secretary and business manager. Fleming has pressed to keep her job and has been supported by Zeppo who claims that Groucho, 86 and confined to a wheelchair after a hip operation, will wither without her. Arthur and one of Groucho's nurses have testified that Fleming shrieked curses at Groucho, and forced him to take tranquilizers against doctor's orders. On April 22, Judge Rafeedie settled the dispute temporarily, against Fleming, appointing gag writer Nat Perrin as Groucho's conservator.

Throughout the case, though the papers don't say, Groucho must be somewhere thinking something about this noise in his behalf, this word "conservator" which makes him synonymous with the three million dollars he's said to be worth. It may help that he's been in farces before, and is no stranger to courtrooms, having been a judge himself in *Duck Soup*, until he saw that it paid better to be a lawyer; having claimed to be a shyster in *Monkey Business* ("You're awfully shy for a lawyer." "You bet I'm shy" etc.); and having worked out a complicated contract with Chico in *A Night at the Opera*:

> *Driftwood:* It's all right. That's in every contract. That's what they call a sanity clause.
> *Florelo:* Oh, no. You can't fool me. There ain't no Sanity Clause!

Zany as this case is, Groucho has seen zanier—the battle in *Duck Soup*, the death bed in *Room Service*, the chase in *The Big Store*. Compared to the pile-up in the stateroom in *A Night at the Opera* this present situation must seem almost airy.

Only Zeppo's entrance in the case is an element truly worthy of a Marx Brothers movie. This is the obscure brother (only less so than Gummo), a relative child at 76, inexplicably named after the Graf Zeppelin, whom James Agee once called "a peerlessly cheesy improvement on the traditional straightman." During the shooting of *Duck Soup* the Marx Brothers used to try new gags on Zeppo; if he laughed they tossed them out. Now Zeppo enters as Cupid and Fleming's defender, saying "I think she's the greatest girl in the world." The last time Groucho heard a line like that was in *Horse Feathers* when his son, Zeppo, was courting the campus

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widow. Said Groucho to Zeppo, as he might to Arthur here, "That I should live to see a son of mine try to take a dame away from his father."

Of course the main difference between the other zany scenes and the present one is that in the former observers were meant to be there—that and the fact that those other scenes were not ad libbed but scripted, many by Nat Perrin himself, who must have found this current trial a lot more unnerving than the one in *Duck Soup*, with one never knowing what the fatal lady or the timid nurse or the outraged son or the pleading brother would say next. Nor did this scene have a director like Leo McCarey to turn off the cameras or shut out the press so eager to report every ring of the real-life circus. This spectacle was winged, an unblocked, unprofessional account of what will probably be the last fracas in a great comedian's life.

Luigi Barzini, looking back in *O America*, says "in my sleep, I suddenly see bright girls laughing, roadsters careering in the tepid night, or gin bottles under the table. I feel moist kisses (the syrupy saliva of a girl who had been drinking, the minty taste of chewing gum), a warm marble breast in my cupped hand, or the irrepressible sprouting of young desire." I wonder what Groucho dreams. Stuck in a wheelchair with a hip that mends with the speed of a glacier, the fissures in the bones of old men painful, tantalizing like gaps of memory—is he also thinking of the girls? Or do the real girls meld with the ones in the movies, Lucille in *Monkey Business*, Connie in *Horse Feathers*, Flo in *A Day at the Races* ("if I held you any closer, I'd be in back of you")? Does the wheelchair remind him of Harpo's side car in *Duck Soup*, or that other wheelchair in *A Day at the Races* which he ordered to "pick me up at five"? Surrounded by Hackenbushes, does he expect one of them to hand him a horse pill and tell him to "take one of those every half mile, and call if there's any change?"

Probably not. A friend reported to the *Washington Post* that the old man is out of it, "just interested in enjoying himself, watching TV and having fun." As Margaret Dumont too often learned, you get nowhere fast sentimentalizing Groucho, who has made more than an old man's share of cranky and bigoted remarks in the past few years. Miss Fleming, ministering angel turned evil campanion, is out on her ear for calling Groucho a "pig" and "vegetable," which are cruel things to say, surely, but perhaps true—at least the "vegetable"—and not an incomprehensible venting of anxiety or vexation from a young woman having twisted her life toward an ancient shrine who is a man for all that.

It hardly matters who is right and wrong in this story, or even how Groucho views it. What matters more is the state in which a man of genius appears in his last few years, pictured "enjoying himself, watching TV and having fun," indeed like a vegetable, a shiny Green Giant valuable vegetable, a three million dollar vegetable, surrounded like Howard Hughes by "conservators," comedy drained from the sunken face, eyes without mischief, a voice like radio static tuned down next to nothing. This is the picture we see now, propped up in the middle of a circus of conservators ("did someone call me schnorrer?"), as if he, not the money, were the center of attention. But how can a sleepy, forgetful old man be the center of attention, much less affection? The vital question, as we receive it, is: who wins the carcass?

When the body goes, dignity goes—this in a country determined from the start to assure the world and itself that it is a spiritual place. Still, dignity goes; and in Groucho's case something else goes too—not only the dignity of the person, but of the artist, whose infirmity publicly displayed makes him seem as an ordinary man, less in fact, age and decrepitude serving as great commoners. This is no country for old men, nor for old artists either (unless they be "conserved" by institutes or universities); and it is particularly no country for old artists who outlive their art which we treat as if it had been some unfairly secured loan, to be repaid the democracy in the interests of fair play. Art is an expression of natural superiority, of unequal opportunity, a mysterious power and privilege. Try as we may, we do not live comfortably with such things, and inevitably find ways of saying so.

Whether this Groucho story is a denigration of old age is hard to say. On the one hand the press makes Groucho out an old goat with half a mind, half of that implicitly lecherous, and so levels a former existence by showing its present incompetence. On the other, the story

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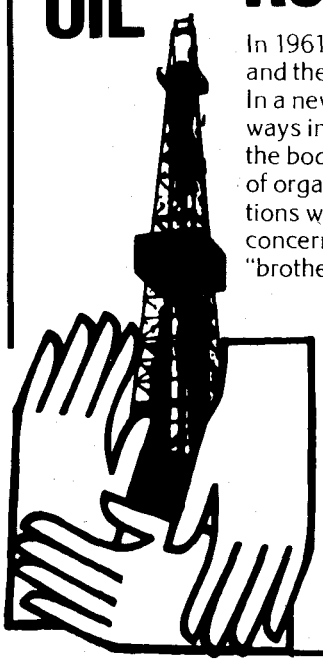
THE BROTHERHOOD OF OIL

ENERGY POLICY AND THE PUBLIC INTEREST

Robert Engler



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A Day at the Races (1937) *American Film Institute*

does present a segment of a whole life honestly, thus suggesting that old age like death is not a sin but a process, is part of life and not some freakish growth to be kept from public view.

But the decline of Groucho the artist may be something else again. In this the current story urges an eradication from public memory of a character who in his heyday was at one with his art, who played himself (a fiction we devise only for real stars), and so now in his disintegration brings his art down with him. This suggests that art is as short as life after all, and that the country need not feel edgy or embarrassed in its presence. According to the papers all that is left of Groucho is money, which embodies the kind of power and privilege any fool can understand.

Groucho was a man of genius in Hazlitt's sense of "originality." To Hazlitt Shakespeare was almost alone a man of genius because he was "in perfect sympathy with all things, yet alike indifferent to all." Groucho, equally indifferent to things, was perfectly *out* of sympathy with all, which made him a pure comic creation; instead of seeing life from the points of view of others, he saw and remarked upon it as others would had they not been ruled by logic, history, custom or their own dogged earnestness. To take nothing seriously, as to take everything seriously, is to invent a new view of nature. Groucho used the nonsense in nature that others had missed because they were too intent on the world as they wanted it.

Now he sits helpless as Samson before the dwarfs, and we are told he is worth three million dollars.

Roger Rosenblatt

Correspondence, *from page 7*

Baking would like to undertake studies of that nature, and is seeking Federal Trade Commission approval to advertise specific weight-reduction claims *if* the studies show weight loss can be achieved by eating Fresh Horizons bread as part of an overall weight control plan.

In direct rebuttal to your recent article, the Canadian government has *not* banned Fresh Horizons bread. As a matter of easily verified fact, Continental Baking has no bakeries in Canada . . . sells no bread in Canada . . . and has not sought permission to market the bread there.

Powdered cellulose, however, *has* long since been specifically approved for use in food products sold in Canada.

We hope this information will provide your readers with a feeling of satiety—as does Fresh Horizons—regarding the source of our fiber and the product's substantial value to consumers.

Robert B. Keane
Vice President, Public Affairs
ITT

In reply:

The only point of fact that Mr. Keane makes is that Fresh Horizons has not been banned by the Canadian government. The ministry of health informs me that it has refused to let an American company import high-fiber bread into Canada because it couldn't meet Canada's food standards. The official wouldn't disclose the name of the company involved, and I gather it was not ITT.

Eliot Marshall

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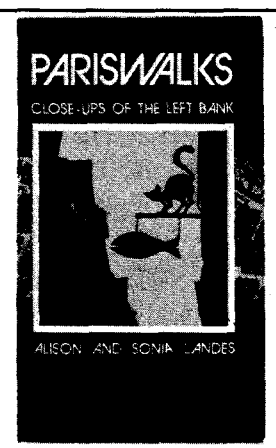
employment festers, in what Hubert Humphrey calls "a record of shame and disgrace." On top of this in the past 10 years there has been a 120 percent increase in social security benefits; they were at $81 a month in 1966 for a retired worker and now stand at around $224.

The system will go bankrupt if something isn't done. Jerry Ford proposed to boost contributions—50-50. Congress rejected it. Has Congress recklessly thrown around its largesse? If Social Security is considered an actuarially balanced insurance scheme the answer is, Yes. Actually, though, it has more and more become the vehicle for benefits which other countries pay for out of common taxes. Canada, for example, has a family-allowance system, given without any means test to all families with children. We don't have that.

"We are the only industrial democracy in the world," exclaimed Daniel P. Moynihan before a Senate committee in January 1967, "that does not have a family or children's allowance. And we are the only industrial democracy in the world," he added gloomily, "whose streets are filled with rioters each summer." Fortunately the rioters have stopped, but the income disparity continues. George McGovern proposed a $1000 universal grant in the 1972 election. He was badly beaten by Richard Nixon. The latter earlier, in his Disraeli phase, proposed a Family Assistance Program for American families with children. Later he adroitly backed away from it.

Mr. Carter now proposes to have the Treasury help out the social security fund by an ingeniously arranged compromise. He would only do it in recessions. A six percent unemployment rate would trigger government aid. Surely, said HEW Secretary Califano persuasively to the Ways and Means Committee last week, the government is responsible for preventing slumps. When it falls down on its job then it should meet some of the consequences out of the public purse! It would be countercyclical, he explained; it would help bolster the economy. The conservative reaction was instant. "You are paying for a deficit in the social security fund out of a deficit in the general revenue fund," said J.J. Pickle of Texas. Bill Archer, a fellow Texan, called it "the most brazen demonstration of fiscal legerdemain ever given in this room." The language is colorful but not yet up to the 1935 standard.

I'm inclined to think the 50-50 formula will go. It's highly regressive, economically suspect, and socially questionable in recessions. Jimmy Carter, however, I think won't accept the "one-third, one-third, one-third" formula of House majority leader Tip O'Neill. This cuts the government into the trio. It goes too far for the flexible President who is so hard either for conservatives or liberals to appraise.



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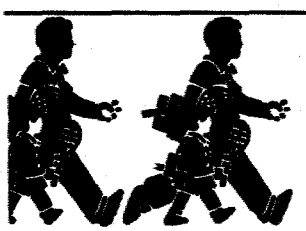

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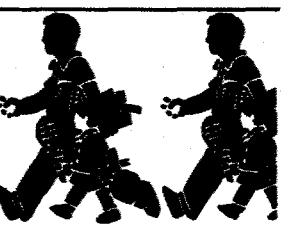

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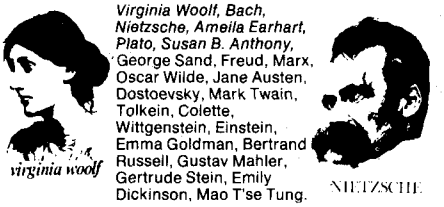

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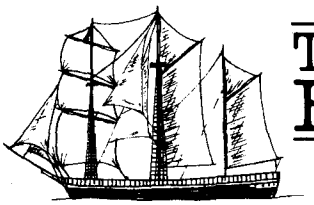

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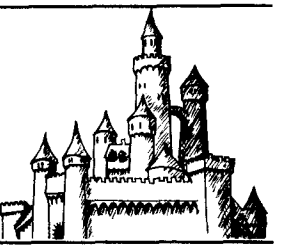

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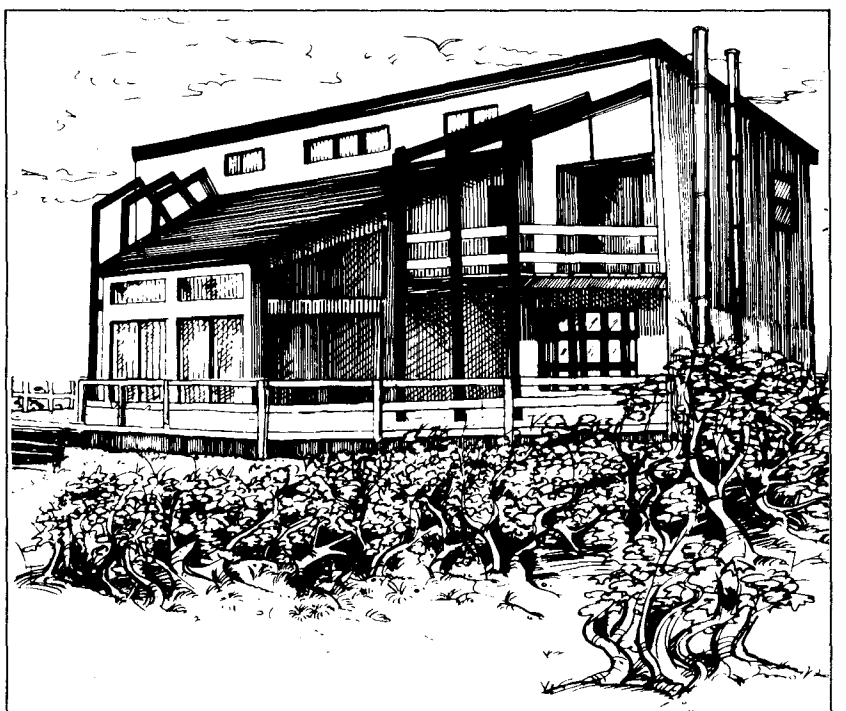

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Wall Street Diarist

Lush Places

(We have received the following dispatch from a young banker friend.)

Big banks make money in a number of ways: they trade bonds and foreign currency, they clear checks for corporations and smaller banks, they do studies and give advice. What banks really like to do, however, is to lend money, and herein lies a problem. The banker's traditional role as chief lender to the United States corporation is being challenged by the very high level of sophistication which bankers have helped create in the American financial markets. Corporations are increasingly borrowing on their own by using their own commerical paper or bonds which they sell directly to the public, and, partly as a result, the larger banks have had no growth in domestic earnings for the past five years. Hence the banks have focused more and more on overseas business, with a bank like Citicorp now earning more than 70 percent of its profits overseas.

The cornerstone of international banking still is Wall Street. Separated from the rest of Manhattan by the dregs which comprise the lower East Side, the financial community's northern frontier is defended by the Federal Reserve Bank, itself a giant copy of a Renaissance Florentine banker's palace. I like to walk by the Fed in the morning to remind myself that, although New York may be decaying, Wall Street carries on in grand fashion the role of international financier which has stretched over the last 500 years from Lorenzo the Magnificent to Arthur Burns. If only Leonardo could have directed himself toward perfecting electronic funds transfer, the *cinquecento* would have realized its full potential.

The soul of Wall Street still resides in the low classical building on the corner of Broad and Wall which houses the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, but is identified only by a simple "23 Wall" on the door. Other giant banks have trendier quarters; Chase Manhattan has a soaring skyscraper decorated with a huge Dubuffet sculpture, while Citicorp has gone organic with a new midtown residence suspended on stilts. At Morgan the color scheme and the people are muted and dignified. The young executive soon learns by bemused stare and occasional comment of an unwritten but strict code for dress and conduct. Shirts are blue, white or some combination in narrow pinstripe and never (God forbid) shortsleeved, while suits are gray or navy with the occasional poplin tan for August. Individuality is asserted by the rare bowtie or brightly colored but hidden suspenders. Shoes are kept to a high gloss by a cadre of little men scurrying about desks buffing throughout the day.

Inside the Morgan building is a little bit like Disneyland. Well, a very little: only in that one can wander, in a relatively compact space, through areas intended to represent both distant geographical locations ("Nassau," a couple of desks on the tenth floor) and the more exotic interior landscapes of the human mind ("corporate trusts"). Right inside the main entrance, for example, near the great cut glass chandelier, is "Pennsylvania." But don't expect plump maidens in wooden shoes or reproductions of the Liberty Bell. The inhabitants of "Pennsylvania" follow Morgan's accounts with the steel companies. "Relationships" with US corporations are very important to banks, and being a company's lead bank is like having the first and last dance with Scarlett at Tara. Ever since J. P. Morgan founded US Steel by buying out Andrew Carnegie, "Steel" has been a premier account at Morgan and the old line tradition is still carried on by the bank's young executives who keep busy pandering to every request.

Other parts of the United States are on the fourth floor, and it is not a pleasant sight these days: as far as the eye can see, rows of languid preppies sitting disconsolate at elegant desks. They are disconsolate because no one in the US Morgan would want to lend money to is borrowing these days. Bankers' seasons are determined by credit cycles and currently there is a severe drought. T. S. Eliot worked for Lloyds' during the period he was writing the "Waste Land," and he many have had something like Morgan's New England district in mind.

The visitor to the second floor steps off the elevator into exotic climes of the Pacific Far East and Latin America. The Pacific Far East group is a little upset with Latin America as the latter, in a perverse example of manifest destiny, is annexing new desks. Latin America, both region and floor, is currently a very fashionable place to go because developing countries need lots of capital and bankers always return from trips with splendid suntans. Latin America (the region) consists almost entirely of what normal people call poor countries, but which bankers refer to as "LDCs" (for "lesser developed countries"), which may explain why they are willing to lend these countries millions of dollars. Countries like Brazil and Mexico, with vast resources and populations, are considered ideal territory for the purveyor of capital. Since the revenue-rich OPEC countries are unwilling to make significant direct loans to these countries for fear of having their assets confiscated, it is the bank's role to buy "desert" money (as it is called) in huge sums, and then relend it. The bankers who handle this area tend to be fast talkers who dream of having ridden with Cortez or Pizarro. The Latin American group, although clearly good for business, are rather suspect around the bank because they fly Brazilian flags on their desks, generally speak Spanish to each other (as one would always speak French in prerevolutionary St. Petersburg), and never go home before seven at night.

It is perhaps the feeling of empire that give bankers their sense of purpose: the sun never sets on the Morgan loan portfolio. The press may rail about debtor nations and greedy sheiks; the New York state regulators in Albany may classify all loans to Zaire as substandard; but bankers know the collateral is there. No matter who wins in Shabaland, the victor will have to make good his marker. A country or company cut off from credit will wither on the vine, and so the banker is kept in his Brooks Brothers suits by recycling those petrodollars and keeping the international economy orderly. Modern bankers easily develop that superior, insular, patronizing view of the world that made the British Empire such a success and created such good material for writers like Forster and Waugh. The bright young people may reside on the upper East Side rather than in Mayfair now, but they have the same kind of confidence as they sally forth to help build copper mines in Papua New Guinea or a highway through the Amazon.

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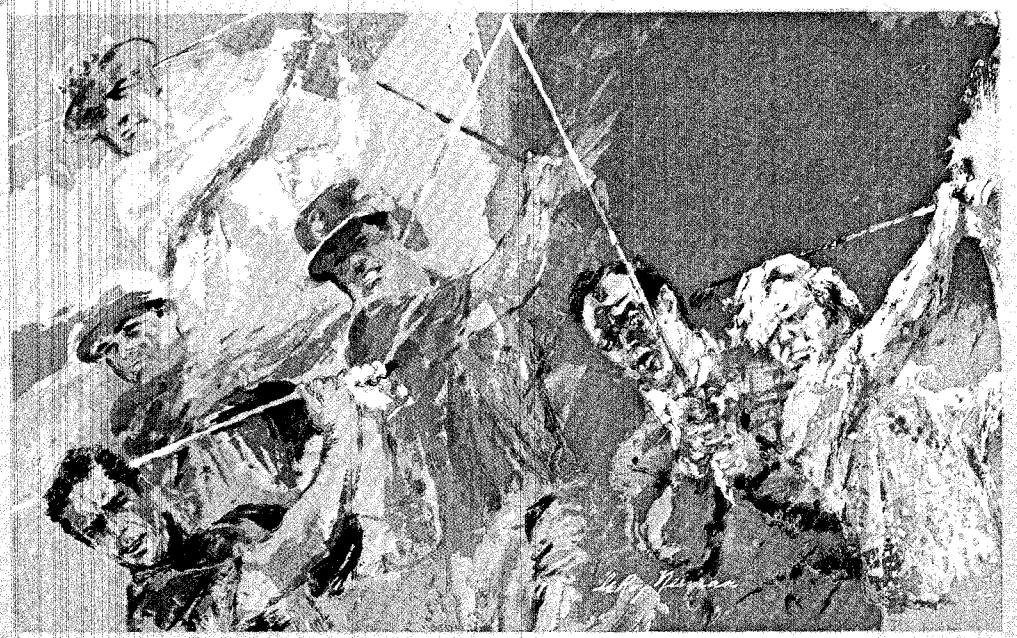

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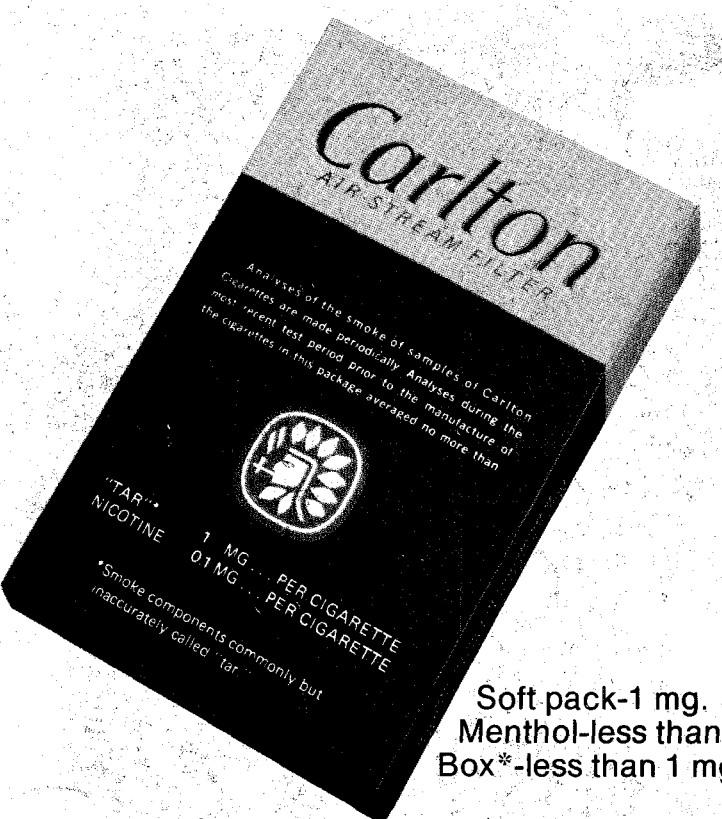
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